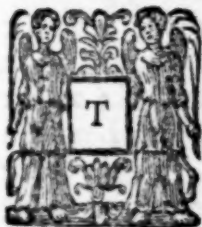


T H E  
LONDON MAGAZINE.

M A Y, 1737.

To the Author of the LONDON  
MAGAZINE.

S I R,



HERE is one Passage in the *Roman History* which I never reflect on without Surprise, nor can I think of it without Indignation. The Passage I mean is, the Elevation of *Claudius* to the Throne of that Empire. There is no Passage in History points out to us more clearly the wretched and contemptible Condition a People may be reduced to by a general Depravity of Manners, and a total Decay of Virtue and publick Spirit. The two preceding Tyrants *Tiberius* and *Caligula*, one would think, might have been sufficient to have given any People upon Earth a Surfeit of arbitrary and tyrannical Government, and to have raised an universal Detestation of that Family which had subverted their Liberties, and produced two Monsters so ridiculous and inhuman; but when a People have once lost all Regard for the publick Welfare, and are directed only by a sordid and selfish

View of some private Advantages, no Example can divert them from what they think their immediate Interest, no Thought of any consequential Danger or Misfortune can get Admittance into their corrupt Minds.

When the *Romans* were set free from one of the most cruel Tyrannies under which a People ever groaned, by the Death of *Caligula*, who was murdered, or rather most justly executed, by the Officers of his own Guard, there was not any one Person remaining of the *Cesar* Family who had any Character among the People, or in the Army; nor had the Conspirators who put an End to the infamous Life of *Caligula*, concerted Measures for raising any Person to the Throne; so that the Senate and People were left at full Liberty to restore the Commonwealth, and establish it in what Manner they thought most proper.

This was an Opportunity so little expected, an Opportunity so much and so long wished for, that no Man could imagine it would be neglected, nor was there any one that could entertain the least Hope of setting himself up in the Room of the Tyrant they had so luckily got rid of. Their Consuls, their Generals, their Governors

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nors of Provinces, in short, all their Magistrates were upon so equal a Footing, that none of them had any Prospect of being able to subdue the rest; and the Conduct of the two former Tyrants had prepared the Minds both of the People and Army for a thorough Change in their Form of Government; so that every Circumstance seemed to concur in Favour of the People's resuming their ancient Liberties.

Accordingly the Consuls and Senate immediately assembled in the *Capitol*, with a Design, as all of them pretended, to re-establish their Government upon its ancient Footing; but from the Event we may conclude, that few or none of the Members of that Assembly had a true and disinterested Regard for the Happiness of their Country; for instead of coming to any speedy Resolution, or taking any Measures for securing the Army that was incamped without the Walls of the City, both which were extremely necessary upon that Occasion, they spent the whole Evening and Night, and a great Part of the next Day, in Contests, and Debates, without uniting in any one Resolution; from whence we may suppose the real Dispute among them was not about concerting such Measures as were proper for restoring their Liberties, but that each Man was endeavouring to bring the Senate into those Measures which he thought would contribute most to the Advancement of his own Faction or Party; for in an Assembly actuated by a publick Spirit, they easily agree upon one Measure, because they have but one View, but in an Assembly where each Man has a selfish View of his own, 'tis impossible they should agree upon one Measure, they must naturally and necessarily break into different Parties and Factions, which always breeds Delay, and generally ends in Ruin.

*Claudius*, the Uncle of *Caligula*, had always been reckoned, and was really in his Nature, next Degree to

an Idiot, which was the Reason *Caligula* never suspected any Danger from him, and therefore spared his Life. In the Confusion and Disorder that of course happened in the Palace, when the Emperor was killed, *Claudius* had run and hid himself behind the Hangings in one of the Rooms of the Palace; but being discovered by a common Soldier belonging to the Army incamped without the City, he was by that Soldier and some of his Companions conducted to the Camp, where he passed the whole Night without knowing what was to be his Fate. When the Senate heard he was in the Camp they sent and invited him to their Assembly, but he answered, *He was detained Prisoner by the Soldiers*; yet the Senate were so infatuated that they could not agree upon any proper Measures for getting him out of the Hands of the Soldiers, or for compelling them to yield Obedience to the Consuls, who of course had then the Sovereign Power in their Hands, imagining perhaps it was not possible the Army could take it into their Heads to make a Man Emperor, who had all his Life been look'd on as an Idiot. But the Senate having so long delayed coming to any Resolution, and having in the mean Time neglected to take any proper Measures for preventing a Sedition in the Army, the common Soldiers began to lose Patience, and at last came flocking about *Claudius*, calling out, *They would have but one Governor, and Claudius should be the Man*; whereupon he was declared Emperor by the Army, and the Consuls and Senate being divided amongst themselves, they were all obliged to submit.

Thus the *Romans* lost one of the best Opportunities a People could ever have for recovering their Liberties; and considering what they had suffered from their two former Emperors, considering the Character of the Man then chosen Emperor, it is surprizing to think that such an Event should happen



happen among a People who were even then famed for Wisdom, who had formerly carried the Notions of Liberty as high as ever any People did, and who could hardly be supposed to be at that Time inured to Slavery; for they had lost their Liberties not a compleat Century before this Event happened. What may still add to this Surprize is, that even the Army had a most contemptible Opinion of the preceding Emperor, and some of them had been in great Danger of being most cruelly used by him; for in his Return from the ridiculous Expedition he made towards *Germany* and *Britain*, he took a Resolution to have had several Legions cut to Pieces, for no other Reason but because those Legions, many Years before, had raised a Mutiny against his Father *Germanicus*, tho' it could not be supposed that a twentieth Man was then in either of the Legions who had been in it when the Mutiny was raised; and from this Resolution he was deterred rather by his own Fears, than by any Good-will towards Mankind or towards the Soldiers.

This was publicly known in the Army, this had happened but five or six Months before his Death, and the Danger those Legions had been in, which was then fresh in every Man's Memory, one might have Reason to think, would have made all those at least who were then of the Army resolve, never to subject themselves again to the arbitrary Will of any one Man; but the Memory of this Danger, as well as the Fear of those Dangers which were most justly to be apprehended from investing such an Idiot as *Claudius* with arbitrary Sway, were extinguished by the selfish Views of those who conceived great Hopes from their being the chief Authors of his Advancement to the Throne; and the Cause of Mankind, the Cause of their Country, and there own future Security and Happiness were sacrificed by the Soldiers, for the sake of a small immediate Reward in ready Money

he promised to pay to each of them upon his obtaining the imperial Dignity.

Altho' this Emperor was not near so whimsically cruel as either of the two former, yet he was in his Nature so jealous and fearful, that he caused to be put to Death at different Times, several of his nearest Relations, *five and thirty* Senators, and above *three Hundred Roman* Knights, all upon Suspicion of their plotting against his Life, which, by the by, was very little worth either taking or defending; for he was so indolent, and so much under the Direction, or rather Command, of those about him, that he punished, pardoned, granted Honours, and even Generals Commissions in the Army, solely at the Desire of his Wife or of his favourite Slaves, which they either sold to the highest Bidder, for satisfying their Avarice, or made Presents of to their Stallions, their Pathicks or Panders, for the Satisfaction of their lustful Appetites.

From this remarkable Passage of the *Roman* History, we may make these two Remarks, That when the Nobles and Chief-men of any Country are actuated only by private and selfish Views, it is impossible for them to agree upon Measures either for Supporting or Restoring a free Government; and that when the People find their Nobles and Chief-men have no Regard for Virtue, or the publick Good, they naturally incline to follow the Example of their Betters, and generally at last take Refuge in arbitrary Power. While the Representatives of the noble, rich, and antient Families of a Country, continue to act upon noble and generous Principles, and often give Examples of preferring the publick Good to private Interest or Safety, the People will not only continue to act upon the same Principles, but will preserve such a Veneration and Esteem for them, as will render it impossible for any single Man, either by Force or Corruption, to establish an arbitrary

Government; but when the Nobles and Chief-men begin to act upon different Principles, the Vulgar not only follow their Example, but begin to despise and hate them, which makes it easy for any ambitious cunning Man, to set himself at the Head of a popular Faction, so as to be able at last to destroy all those noble Families who oppose him, and to trample upon the Laws and Liberties of his Country.

As this can never happen till a general Depravity of Manners has spread itself first among the chief Families, and has from thence diffused itself thro' the whole Body of the People, the same Cause which produces the Establishment of an arbitrary Government, will always prove its Support, unless some great Genius appears, who by his Birth or Fortune has great Interest, and by his Sagacity and Experience knows how to take Advantage of some lucky Incident for restoring the Virtue and the publick Spirit of the People, which seldom or ever can be done but by the Destruction of a great Number of the noble and antient Families of the Country; for as arbitrary Governments are seldom or ever established but by some popular Faction, so they are seldom or ever overturned but by the same Sort of Faction; because after such a Government has been for some Time established, the antient noble Families that are left, not only submit, but join with the upstart Families in being its Tools and Supporters. With respect therefore to the Ruin that attends the noble Families of a Country by the Establishment or Overthrow of arbitrary Power, the only Difference is, That all those who have any Honour or publick Spirit greatly perish by the former, and all those who are void of both are justly sacrificed to the latter.

Thus the noble and great Families of a Country must always suffer both by the Establishment and Overthrow of arbitrary Power, and while it sub-

sists, they are of all Sorts of People the most exposed to the Jealousies, the Resentments, the Insults, and the Lusts of despotick Sovereigns, whose greatest Favourites and chief Confidants are almost always taken from the lower Sort, and sometimes from the very Dregs of the People. A Man who is not eminent by his Birth or Fortune, and who takes Care, or who has the good Fortune, to have no Possession, no Wife, no Son, nor Daughter beautiful enough to attract the covetous and lustful Eye of an Emperor or imperial Slave, or of any of their Sycophants, may steal through Life without meeting with any horrid Piece of Injustice or Cruelty, and even without being obliged to make any slavish Submissions; but a Man who is eminent by his Birth or his Fortune, must expect to meet either with the one or the other: If he does not make his Court to some imperial Slave, he is immediately look'd on as an Enemy, or his Neglect is considered as a Contempt, and he is sure of falling a Sacrifice to their Jealousy, or their Resentment: On the other Hand, the very Attempt to make Court to such vile Wretches as those Slaves generally are, is inconsistent with the Character of a Man of Quality; and yet that Court cannot be made but by the most slavish Submission, nor without often meeting with the most shocking Indignities; for of all Masters a Slave or a Sycophant is the most insolent and intolerable.

But the Loss of Liberty is not the only Misfortune that attends a Decay of Virtue and publick Spirit among the Nobles and Chief-men of any Country. The Virtue of the Nobles or of the People is never improved or restored by arbitrary Sway. Their selfish and slavish Spirit becomes every Day more sordid, more abject and fawning; so that at last it becomes amazing to observe what Indignities, what Insults, what cruel Oppressions, even Men of the first Quality will tamely submit to, for the sake



sake of prolonging a most wretched Life, or what they call preserving, a most unhappy Family. From hence it is that the Overthrow of Liberty is attended with a yet greater Misfortune, if any greater can be, which is, an Impossibility of its being ever restored: Even the best Opportunity that can offer will be neglected, and the generous Designs of the few, if there happens to be any such among so unfortunate a People, will certainly be defeated by the private Views of the many. Unless, by some very rare and very remarkable Piece of Providence the Virtue of the People be restored, it will for ever be impossible to restore their Liberty: They will continue to pursue, each Man his own private Views of some immediate Advantage, and to plunder, murder, and make a Prey of one another by turns, till some foreign Enemy does them the Favour to make a Prey of them all, and to murder the greatest Part.

From these Observations we may see, that of all Degrees of Men there are none who have a greater Interest in promoting the Principles of Virtue and publick Spirit, than those who have the Honour to represent, or to be descended of, the noble and antient Families of a Country; and in their Power alone it is, to promote and preserve such Principles among the People; for Virtue and publick Spirit are in all Countries inculcated by Precept, but Example will always prevail over Precept; the most enormous Vice may become general, may come to be openly practised and avowed, by being made fashionable, and Fashions are always introduced by the Opulent and Powerful; therefore whenever we see in any Country a general Decay of Virtue and publick Spirit, when most Men are directed by nothing but little sordid Views of their own, and when true Honour, and a generous Regard for the publick Good, are look'd on as the Effects of Madness and Enthusiasm, we may assure ourselves the ori-

ginal Cause of this fatal Effect proceeded from the noble and chief Families of that Country: Yet upon such a melancholy Occasion there is nothing more ordinary than to hear those great Men who have been the chief Causes of this fatal Effect, who never in their whole Lives spoke, voted, or acted, but from some private, avaricious, revengeful, or ambitious View, who have made it the Business of their whole Lives to bribe Men out of their Virtue, and to debauch the Morals of the Vulgar both in publick and private Life, I say, there is nothing more ordinary than to hear such Men exclaiming against the Wickedness and the Depravity of the Age, and giving that as a Reason for justifying their Conspiracy against the Laws and Liberties of their Country.

The Example of Persons of Quality and Fortune has so remarkable and so certain an Influence upon those of inferior Degree, that in a Country blessed with Liberty, we may, from the Behaviour of the former, make a tolerable good Judgment how long that Liberty is like to continue; for when, with respect to private Life, we observe, that the principal Quality and Gentry think of nothing but their Luxury and Pleasure, entertain no Favourites but such as contribute to their Diversions, or perhaps to the Satisfaction of their vicious Appetites, and lavish their Money in the most extravagant Manner upon the Luxuries and Vanities of Life, while at the same Time they are most parsimonious in every Thing that may contribute to the Improvement of their Minds, or to the Support and Welfare of their Country; and when, with respect to publick Affairs, we observe the most of them influenced by nothing but their own private Advantage and Ambition, and even openly boasting of their corrupt and dishonourable Conduct; when we observe them for selfish Ends joining in Measures which evidently tend to the Destruction of their Country, and the Oppression of the People; and when we observe them

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them in their Assemblies screening one another from just Punishment, and considering, not the Merits of the Cause, but the Person only that applies to them for their Vote, in Matters of private as well as publick Right: I say, when we observe these Things, we may conclude the Liberties of that Country can be of no long Duration; for the Infection will certainly spread, if not quickly rooted out, and as soon as it becomes general, their Liberties must necessarily be overturned.

I shall not at present apply these Reflections to any particular Country or Kingdom, but as it is a Subject which highly deserves the Consideration of every Man who has the Happiness to be a free-born Subject of Great-Britain, you may perhaps think them worthy of a Place in your Monthly Collection.

I am, SIR,

Your constant Reader,  
and humble Servant,  
PHILELEUTHERIAS.

REASONS for the Representatives of the People of Great Britain to take Advantage of the present Rate of Interest, for the more speedy Lessening the National Debt, and Taking off the most Burthensome of the Taxes.

NO more Money ought any Year to be raised, or continued at any Time to be raised, on the Subject, than is absolutely necessary for the Well-being of the Nation, and to enable it to make good its Engagements.

Whatever Money is raised for the Current Service of the Year, or extraordinary Sum annually paid for Interest Money to the Publick Creditors, ariseth from Taxes on the People of Great Britain.

The People of Great Britain have a Right, and it is but Justice, that the Money raised upon them, by the many and various Taxes, should be

managed to the best Advantage, and most for the Publick Interest.

A Trustee for an Infant with a Mortgage on his Estate at 4 per Cent. would be guilty of a Breach of Trust, if he could borrow Money at 3 per Cent. to pay it off, should he refuse to do it.

Every Member of Parliament is a Trustee for the People, and bound in Duty to manage the Publick Affairs for their greatest Advantage.

B The Creditors of the Publick can have no just Cause to complain, if the Parliament act no otherwise than in pursuance of their several Stipulations with them.

C However inconvenient it may prove to the Whole or any Part of the Publick Creditors, particularly Widows and Orphans, to receive 3 per Cent. in lieu of 4 per Cent; this higher Rate of Interest cannot be continued to them whenever sufficient Money can be borrowed to pay them off, without doing the highest Injustice to the Subjects in General, by continuing the Payment of extraordinary and unnecessary Taxes upon them.

D Many of the Taxes lie heavy on the Poor and the Manufacturer, by being laid on the Necessaries of Life, of which the Poor consume more than the Rich; as the Excises on Malt, Beer, Ale, and Salt, and also the E Taxes on Soap, Candles, Coals, and Leather.

F As nothing but absolute Necessity could justify the laying such heavy Taxes on the Necessaries of Life, so nothing but absolute Necessity can justify the continuing them. Certain it is, that the Conveniency of a few particular Persons can never do it.

All the Money, which the Necessities of the Publick require to be raised, ought to be raised on Property, or Articles of Luxury; but nothing on the Necessaries of Life without the most absolute Necessity.

G One per Cent. saved on the Publick Debt due to Foreigners is so much Money, as it shall amount to, actually



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The Nation is not able to continue to pay the high Rate of Interest it does to *Foreigners*, because in Time it will drain the Kingdom of too much Money to be spared, or is either prudent or just for it to spare.

One per Cent. saved out of Four per Cent. will in 47 Years, if that One per Cent. be constantly applied to discharge the Debt, entirely pay off the same.

If the Debt should continue at 4 per Cent. without paying off any of the Principal, the Nation, at the End of 47 Years, will be in the same Condition, in respect to its Debt, as it is now, tho' in the mean Time it will pay to *Foreigners*, supposing their Debt twelve Millions, above twenty two Millions and a half of Money. — A Sum too large for this Nation to part with, and yet not be any Thing more out of Debt!

A large Debt carrying a high Interest to *Foreigners*, will be as certain Ruin to a Nation, as high Interest is a certain Ruin to any private Person in his Estate.

This Nation being then in this very bad Situation, is it not absolutely necessary for the Peoples Representatives in Parliament to use their utmost Efforts to endeavour to get the Nation out of Debt, consistent with Justice and Parliamentary Faith?

Whatever Objections are made from Prejudice, and which are only suggested, not proved, that the Lowering of Interest will have an ill Effect on all Sorts of People, as well Landholders and Tenants, as Traders; they have not in Fact any Thing to do with this Question, because it is not proposed to lower either the Rate of Interest between Man and Man, or the current Rate of Interest of the Publick Stocks and Securities.

It is evident, that the current Rate of Interest of all the Publick Securities is under 3 per Cent. since no Three per Cent. Securities can be had under a Premium; and were the Legislature to enact the Four per Cents. perpetual unredeemable Annuities, they would sell at 140 at least; so that altho' the Publick would pay 4 per Cent. the Rate of Interest at Market for these Annuities would be under 3 per Cent.

It is not in the Power of the Legislature by a Law to make the Rate of Interest either between particular Persons, or in respect to the publick Securities, higher or lower; both will be governed by other Causes which are natural.

If One per Cent. shall be saved by a Reduction of Interest on the publick Debts, and some of the most burthensome Taxes taken off in Proportion, it will be so far from lowering the natural Rate of Interest that it will have a Tendency the other Way.

It is the Force of Money drawn from all Parts of the Country into one Place, that has operated so strongly to reduce the Rate of Interest of the publick Securities; like Water, which when collected into a Body, has a Force, which it is destitute of when spread over a large Surface.

A poor, labouring Man, who has a Wife, and a Number of Children to maintain from the Sweat of his Brow, is as much intitled to Compassion, as a Widow and Orphans, who may have the Conveniencies, or even the Necessaries of Life lessened by a Reduction of Interest.

There is Justice as well as Compassion on the Side of the People in general, and only Compassion on the Side of the publick Creditors in particular.

The publick Debts encourage Idleness, the Mother of Luxury, which if paid off, would encourage, and even force Industry in Trade, Manufacture, and Improvements of Lands, by which the Nation must necessarily flourish

## 230 REASONS for reducing the present INTEREST.

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flourish and grow strong, altho' every *Individual* in the Nation should fancy himself, for the *present*, something affected by this Alteration.

This may be illustrated by Money raised on every *Subject* in the Kingdom, which although it brings a *present Inconvenience*, yet if it be employed to prevent some *impending Ruin*, and actually *procures* that *End*, fully repays the *present Inconvenience*.

No Nation, which is incumbered with a *great Debt*, and *heavy Taxes*, can, on any *proper Occasion*, exert itself in such a *Manner* as it could do, if it were free from such *Incumbrances*.

Every Nation ought, in case of a most *necessary War*, to raise as much of the Money as is *possible* for the carrying on that War, on the *present Generation*.

If the necessary Demand for that War be more than can well be raised *within the Year*, it is fit and proper to mortgage Taxes to carry it on, for the Benefit of the *present and future Generations*: But as soon as that War is over, it is highly incumbent on the *present Generation* to take all *just and proper Methods* to extricate the Nation from that Load of Debt, which the *Necessities* of former Times had involved it in.

To consult too much our *present Ease*, and say, that *Posterity* ought to bear *its Share* of the *Burthen*, because they will reap the *Benefit* of it, proceeds wholly from a *meer selfish Principle*, and is entirely void of any *true Love* for our Country, and acting accordingly, may deprive a Nation of the *Means* of defending itself in a Time of *as much Danger* as any *former War*, or lay the Legislature under a *Necessity* of breaking through *Parliamentary Faith*.

If this Nation had been as much in Debt at the *Beginning*, as at the *Ending* of the *last great War*, it had been utterly impossible to have carri-

ed on that War, either in the *glorious Manner*, or at the *great Expence* it was carried on.

It is the *Plenty* of Money that makes the Rate of Interest *low*, and *that*, in all Countries, tends to make *Provisions* of all Kinds *dear*, how therefore can the *Lowness* of Interest make them *cheap*? If *Provisions* are *cheaper* since the Interest on the publick Securities was *lessened*, it must necessarily proceed from some *other Causes*.

If it be said, that the *less* People receive from the Publick for Interest, the *less* they will have to spend; to this it is answer'd; *First*, that *Foreigners* spend not *any Part* of this Interest Money in *Provisions*; *Secondly*, that great Part of what is received by the Subjects of *Great Britain* is not *spent*, but *laid out* again in Securities *publick or private*; and, *Thirdly*, that if the Taxes shall be taken off, or *less* raised, in Proportion to the Money saved by a Reduction of one *per Cent.* the People in *general* will have so much *more* to spend.

But the Argument for the Publick to continue to pay 4 *per Cent.* in order to *keep up* the Price of *Provisions*, if it prove *any Thing*, it will prove *too much*; since it will *equally* prove, that the Publick ought to have *continued* to pay 6 *per Cent.* or a *higher Rate* of Interest.

The Reasons for the lowering of the Interest of the publick redeemable Debts are *plain, evident, and just*; the Reasons *against* the doing it are *unjust*, and not capable of being *made out* with any *Clearness* and *Certainty*.

*Evil* ought not to be done, that *Good* may come of it; consequently, *grievous and heavy Taxes* ought not to be *continued* on the *Poor*, to pay *Interest Money*, and (if some Gentlemen's Arguments are of *any Weight*) to make *Provisions* *dear*.

It is desir'd, on the one Hand, that the *Manufactures* of this Kingdom may be made *cheap*, in order to preserve to it its *foreign Trade*; and,



and, on the other, that *Provisions* may be *dear*, for the sake of *Rents*. These are Contradictions, since *Labour* is generally *low* when *Provisions* are *cheapest*.

Altho' it is said, and, probably, with Truth, that when *Provisions* are *dear*, the Manufacturers will work more Days in a Week than they will do when *Provisions* are *cheap*, and from thence argued, that the *Cheapness* of *Provisions* is a *Hindrance* to *Manufactures*; the Argument is fallacious.

For though *some* of the People may be idle, and work but little when *Provisions* are *cheap*, yet it is certain, there are *great Numbers* of laborious People who work *every Day* in the Week, and yet can hardly supply a *Wife* and *many Children*, which is often their Lot, with the *bare Necessaries* of Life; and, surely, *these* ought not to be oppress'd because *some* People will be idle. When the *Dearness* of *Provisions* arises from the *Scarcity*, the *poorer Sort* must be destitute of *sufficient* of the *Necessaries* of Life.

If it be said, that if *Provisions* were *always dear*, all the Poor would be forced to make an Offer of working *every Day*, and by that means give the Persons employing them an Opportunity to *reduce* their *Wages*; it is answered, That, in such Case, if the *common Plenty* of *Provisions* continued, and there were no *Multiplication* of *Work*, the *Price* of *Provisions* would inevitably *fall*; because a very considerable Part of the Produce of the Lands of *Great Britain* is consumed by *working People* and their *Families*.

It is true in *Theory*, that the following Maxim stands good, *viz.* Take away the Cause, and the Effect ceases; but in *Fact* it often happens, that the *Effect* continues when the original Cause has ceased.

The present bad Situation of the *Farmers* seems to arise from the following Causes, at least in Part.

The *Landlords* being oppress'd with the *Land-Tax*, as well as other *Taxes*, during the last great War, and seeing their *Tenants thrive*, took the Opportunity, many of them, of *raising* their *Rents*.

A A great Number of People extraordinary being then employed as Seamen and Soldiers, and many of them losing their Lives yearly, there were others entered and list'd to supply their Room, and there being all this Time a *brisk Trade*, which employed the Manufacturers, common labouring People became scarce, and *Provisions* also rising, the Artificers and Labourers of all Kinds took the Opportunity of raising their *Wages*.

C The War bringing many Calamities on several Parts of *Europe*, occasioned, among other Things, a very great Want of *Corn*, which Want was generally supplied by large Exportations from this Kingdom, which kept the Price of *Provisions* in general pretty high; one Article of the *Necessaries* of Life having an Influence on others: This enabled the *Farmers* to pay their *Rents*, to advance the *Wages* of the *Labourers*, and also to live in a *better Manner* than before, even notwithstanding the *new-created Taxes*; and the People being generally employed, Trade abroad very good, and many growing rich by the War, or by lending their Money to the Government, they were enabled to purchase *Provisions* at an advanced Price, as well as to bear and pay all the *additional Taxes*.

F Great Improvements having been made of the Lands in almost all Parts of *Great Britain* since the Peace of *Utrecht*, and the Exportation of *Corn* and the Publick Expence of *Provisions* much lessen'd, many of the *Farmers* find themselves in Farms paying greater *Rents* to their *Landlords*, as well as *Wages* to their *Labourers*, than before the last great War, and yet living higher than they did formerly, and being not able to

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sell their Produce at so good or so certain Prices, and moreover burthened with heavier Taxes, there is hardly any possible way for them to pay their Rents, and live.

It seems therefore highly necessary for the Publick to begin to think of giving some Relief, as well to the Farmers as other the useful Subjects of Great Britain, before they are entirely ruined and beggared, by taking off some of the most burthensome Taxes.

If any Person should sport himself with descanting on *this* or *that* particular Tax, and attempt to shew how light or inconsiderable it will be to any Person greatly interested in the Publick Securities, in Proportion to a Reduction of One per Cent. per Annum; it requires no other Answer, than to observe, That *all the Taxes together* are a very heavy Burthen on the People in general, how convenient soever they may be to particular Persons concerned in the Collection, or to those who have the Appointments of them; and altho' the Parliament cannot give entire Relief to the Subject by taking off *all Taxes*, yet this is not any Reason why they should not begin to take off such as are Discouragements to the Produce, Trade, Manufacture, and Navigation of Great Britain, by which the present Burthen of Taxes will be so much lighter, and the rest more chearfully borne; as it will be an Evidence of the tender Regard which a British Parliament has for those they represent, and an Earnest, that all the other Taxes on the Necessaries of Life, will be taken off the first proper Opportunity.

Upon the Whole, if the publick Revenues are well looked after and improved; if the Parliament enters entirely upon frugal Measures, and shall exert itself on this Occasion; the present great Debt may be annually discharging, and the present large Payment of Taxes to the Publick

will be every Year gradually clearing; which are like so many bloody Issues that emaciate the Body Politick, and render it Hectical and Consumptive; and if the Debt was discharged, or but half discharged, the Nation might get rid of that Variety of new Excises and high Customs which hurt the foreign Traffick and interrupt the domestick Trade of Great Britain, and which are more especially so heavy a Weight on the Woollen and other its Manufactures.

When the national Debt is mentioned, it is only said, the Publick is so-and-so indebted, and at such-and-such an Interest. But this is not a true State of the Case; for, to speak properly, the publick Funds divide the Nation into two Ranks of Men, of which one are Creditors, and the other Debtors; the Creditors are the three great Corporations and others, made up of Natives and Foreigners; the Debtors are the Land-holders, the Merchants, the Shop-keepers, and all Ranks and Degrees of Men throughout the Kingdom. Thus almost all Great Britain may not be improperly divided into Debtors and Creditors: Nor in a long and expensive War was this wholly to be avoided: But, without doubt, it has not been true Wisdom in continuing this Distinction so long; nor can it be wise and safe to let this Distinction many Years longer continue; for tho' such as Receive may like their Condition, yet such as are to Pay cannot be so well contented. It is true, some modern Politicians have run upon another Notion, and several Persons are weak enough to believe, that the not paying off the publick Debt will engage People the more to preserve the present Government: This Policy indeed of theirs would hold good, if it could be made out that the publick Creditors are stronger and more in Number than those concerned in the Payments to the Publick. But it rather seems to hold in Sense and Reason, that the Throne



*Throne of that Prince, in a free Nation, must be most firmly established, whose Affairs will permit him to ask, or who desires to collect, the fewest Taxes from his People.*

Common Sense, April 30. N<sup>o</sup> 13.

*The modern Man of Honour.*

A Man of Honour, with the *Beau Monde*, is one who peremptorily affirms himself to be so, and will cut any body's Throat that questions it, tho' upon the best Grounds. He is above the Restraints which the Laws of God or Man lay upon vulgar Minds, and knows no other Tyes but those of Honour; of which Word he is to be the sole Expounder. He must strictly adhere to a Party Denomination, tho' he may be utterly regardless of its Principles. His Expence should exceed his Income considerably, not for the Necessaries, but Superfluities of Life, that the Debts he contracts may do him Honour. There should be a Haughtiness and Insolence in his Deportment, which is suppos'd to result from *conscious Honour*. If he be Cholerick, and Wrong-headed into the Bargain, with a good deal of animal Courage, he acquires the glorious Character of a Man of nice and jealous Honour. And if all these Qualifications are duly season'd with the genteelest Vices, the Man of Honour is compleat; any Thing his Wife, Children, Servants, or Tradesmen may think to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Belville is allow'd to be a Man of the most consummate Honour. The Men are proud of his Acquaintance, and the Women of his Protection; his Party glories in being countenanc'd by him, and his Honour is frequently quoted as a Sanction for their Conduct. But some original Letters will best explain so shining a Character.

He had run out a considerable Fortune by a Life of Pleasure, particularly Gaming; and being delicately

scrupulous in Points of Honour, he writ the following Letter to his Attorney, after an ill Run at Play.

S I R,

I had a damn'd Tumble last Night at Hazard, and must raise a Thousand within a Week; get it me up on any Terms, for I would rather suffer the greatest Incumbrance upon my Fortune, than the least Blemish upon my Honour. As for those clamorous Rascals the Tradesmen, insist upon my Privilege, and keep 'em off as long as possible; we may chance to ruin some of 'em, before they can bring us to Trial.

Yours, &c. BELVILLE.

To Mr. Tho. Goosetree, Attorney, in Furnival's Inn.

But lest the Endeavours of Mr. Goosetree should prove ineffectual, Belville, from the same Principle of Honour, resolv'd, at all Events, to secure that Sum collaterally; and therefore wrote the following Letter to the first Minister.

S I R,

I was applied to Yesterday in your Name by \*\*\* to vote for the great Point, which is to come in to our House To-morrow; but as it was extremely contrary to my Opinion and Principles, I gave him no explicit Answer, but took some Time to consider of it. I have therefore the Honour now to acquaint you, that I am determin'd to give my Concurrence to this Affair; but must desire, at the same Time, that you will immediately send \*\*\* to me, with the 1500<sup>l</sup>. he offer'd me Yesterday, and for which I have a pressing Occasion this Morning. I am persuaded you know me too well to scruple this Payment beforehand, and that you will not be the first Person that ever question'd the Honour of,

S I R,

Your most faithful bumble Servant,

BELVILLE.

I find another Letter of the same Date, to a Lady, who appears to be the Wife of his most intimate Friend.

*My Dear,*

• I have just now receiv'd yours, and am very sorry for the Uneasiness A  
• your Husband's Behaviour has given you of late; tho' I cannot be  
• of your Opinion, that he suspects  
• our Connexion. We have been bred  
• up together from Children, and  
• have liv'd in the strictest Friend-  
• ship ever since; so that I dare say B  
• he would as soon suspect me of  
• a Design to murder, as wrong him  
• this Way. And you know it is  
• to that Confidence and Security of  
• his, that I owe the Happiness I en-  
• joy. However, in all Events, be  
• convinc'd that you are in the Hands C  
• of a Man of Honour, who will  
• not suffer you to be ill us'd; and  
• should my Friend proceed to any  
• disagreeable Extremities with you,  
• depend upon't I'll cut the Cuck-  
• old's Throat for him.

*Yours, most tenderly.* D

The fourth and last Letter is to a Friend, who had, probably, as high Notions of Honour as himself, by the Nature of the Affair in which he requires his Assistance.

*Dear Charles,*

• Prithce come to me immediately,  
• to serve me in an Affair of Honour.  
• You must know, I told a damn'd  
• Lye last Night in a mix'd Compa-  
• ny, and a formal odd Dog, in a  
• Manner, insinuated that I did so;  
• upon which, I whisper'd him to F  
• be in *Hyde Park* this Morning, and  
• to bring a Friend with him, if he  
• had such a Thing in the World.  
• The Booby was hardly worth my  
• Resentment; but you know my  
• Delicacy, where Honour is con-  
• cern'd.

*Yours,*

BELVILLE.

It appears from these authentick Pieces, that Mr. *Belville*, fill'd with the noblest Sentiments of Honour,

paid all Debts but his just ones; kept his Word scrupulously in the flagitious Sale of his Conscience to a Minister; was ready to protect, at the Expence of his Friend's Life, his Friend's Wife, whom, by the Opportunities that Friendship had given him, he had corrupted; and punish'd Truth with Death, when it intimated, however justly, the want of it in himself

To such Practice, and such Examples in higher Life, may justly be imputed the general Corruption and Immorality which prevail thro' this Kingdom. But when such is the Force of Fashion, and when the Examples of People of the first Rank in a Country are so prevalent as to dignify Vice and Immorality, in spite of all Laws Divine and Human; how popular might they make Virtue, if they would exert their Power in its Cause? And how must they, in their cooler Moments, reproach themselves when they come to reflect, that by their fatal Examples, they have beggar'd, corrupted, and (it may be) enslav'd a whole Nation?

*Fog's Journal, April 30. N° 441.*

*A Confutation of the Stories about Vampires, or dead Bodies sucking the Living, in Hungary, &c. (See Vol. I. p. 81.)* E

THERE are two Ways to destroy all Opinions of these pretended Returners from below-Ground, and to shew the Impossibility of such Effects as these Carcasses, utterly void of all Sensibility, are affirmed to produce. The first is, to explain the Prodiges of *Vampirism* by Physical Causes. The second is, totally to deny the Verity of these Facts. But, as there are People, to whom the Authority of a Certificate seems a manifest Demonstration of the Reality of the absurdest Stories, I will for a while admit that a Number of Persons do really die of a Distemper called *Vampirism*. I



I first lay down this Principle, that it actually may be, that there are certain dead Bodies which, tho' several Days inhumed, put forth a Quantity of fluid Blood. I farther allow, that it is easy for certain People to imagine they are sucked by *Vampires*; and also that the Fear, wherewith this Fancy inspires them, causes in them a Revolution sufficiently violent to deprive them even of Life. Being all Day taken up with the Dread of these imaginary Strollers from the Grave, is it any extraordinary Thing that, in their Sleep, the Ideas of these Phantoms should present themselves to their Imagination, and cause in them a Terror so violent, as to kill some instantly, and others in a short Time after? How many have been known to die on the Spot with a sudden Fright? And has not Excess of Joy frequently produced Effects equally fatal? In examining the Recital of the Death of the pretended Martyrs of *Vampirism*, I discover all Symptoms of a mere epidemical Fanaticism.

They who have lived in Towns afflicted with the Pestilence, know how frequently People have lost their Lives purely thro' Fear. At *Paris*, a Friend of mine assured me, that, being at *Marseilles* when the Plague raged there, he saw a Gentlewoman actually die of the Fear she conceived at a slight Indisposition of her Maid's, which she thought to be the Pestilence. This Woman's Daughter was also at Death's Door, on the same Account. Two other Persons, living in the same House, took likewise to their Beds, sent for a Physician, and affirmed to him, that they were seized with the Plague. He presently visited the Maid, and all the other Patients, and found not one of them had the least Tincture of Contagion, and thereupon strove to calm their Minds, ordering them to get up and live just as they used to do before: But all his Care had no Effect

upon the Mistress of the House, who died in two Days after having so frighten'd herself.

I come next to those dead Bodies found full of fluid Blood, with their Hair, Beards and Nails growing. A We may, I believe, abate at least a Third of these Prodigies, and yet it will be a Complaisance to abate only so small a Portion. All Men of any Discernment know how greatly common Report, and even several Historians, do stretch and enlarge Things which seem ever so little super-natural; however it is no Impossibility to explain the Causes thereof physically.

Experience teaches us, that there are certain Earths proper to preserve human Bodies in their whole Freshness. At *Toulouse*, in a Church, is a Vault, wherein Bodies remain so perfectly intire, that there are some of more than two Centuries standing, which seem actually alive: They are ranged upright along the Wall, and dressed in their usual Apparel. And what is farther remarkable, the Bodies which are placed on the contrary Side of this Vault, do, in two or three Days, become full of Worms.

As to the Growth of the Hair and Nails, the very same is observed frequently in dead Bodies. While a Carcass has any Quantity of Moisture, there can be nothing surprizing in the Case, if we see, for some Time, a visible Augmentation in such Parts as require not the vital Spirits.

The fluid Blood, flowing thro' the natural Conduits, does indeed seem to advance a greater Difficulty: Yet we may be able to produce some Physical Reasons for such Flowings. The Heat of the Sun, affording a strong Degree of Warmth to the nitrous and sulphurous Parts of that Earth, which is proper to keep fleshly Bodies from consuming, these Parts, being incorporated with the newly interred Bodies, occasion their fermenting;

menting; and so, *uncoagulating* and *unfixing* the curdled or clodded Blood, render it liquid, inabling it to distil gradually thro' the Canals. This is the more probable, as it is confirmed by a known Experiment. If we boil in a Vessel of Glass, or Earth, one Portion of Chyle, or of Milk mixed with two Portions of Oil of Tartar, made by Decantation, the Liquor, from white as it was, will become red, or a Sort of Blood. The Juices of Flesh and of Bones bear a great Resemblance with Chyle, and Fat and Marrow are the most oily Parts of the Chyle. Now all these Parts, being in a Ferment, must, by the Rules of Experience, be changed into a Sort of Blood: So, besides that which is *uncoagulated* and *unfixed*, the pretended *Vampires* will also void that which is formed from the melting of the Fat and Marrow.

The Bodies of these imaginary *Vampires* either do quit their Graves to come and suck People, or they do not. If they do suck, they ought to be visible. Now they are not seen; for, whenever the Complainants call out for Assistance, they who run in at the Out-cry never see any such Matter. They therefore do not come abroad. If the Bodies come not out, it must then be the Soul, and Spirit. Now, can the Soul, or Spirit, composed of so subtille a Matter, can it, I say, gather up and contain, as in a Vessel, a Quantity of such a Liquid as Blood is, and convey into the Body? Really this Spirit is sent on a very pleasant Errand. But it would make me blush to employ any more Time or Pains about proving the Impossibility of *Vampirism* (See some Account of these Stories, Vol. I. p. 76.)

Weekly Miscellany, N<sup>o</sup> 227 and 228.

Proper Remarks upon LEONIDAS. (See G p. 198.)

Mr. HOOKER,

THE Letter-writer, in *Common Sense*, has left a wide

Field for *Panegyric* on *Leonidas*, by being so *exceeding modest* in the Author's Praises, as to place him only a few Degrees above *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Milton*; we have some faint Hints indeed of his still greater Superiority; but I will *speak out* in Defiance of all doting Admirers of *Antiquity*, and assert boldly, that the three Names above mention'd, are so far from being *equal* to our modern Author, that you cannot degrade him more than to put him in *Competition* with them.

How much the *Ancients* neglected the Rule of *Common Sense* will be plain by considering what they are chiefly eminent for, *viz. Invention*; by this they assume to themselves a Right of *Creation*; give Existence to Beings that have none but in the Regions of *Fancy*; introduce Characters never heard of; fight Battles never fought; raise Prodigies, Storms, Whirlwinds, Earthquakes, Lightnings, Hail and Thunder at will: These are all plain Deviations from *Common Sense*, which our Author has with great Judgment avoided. And as the very Name *Ποιητής*, or *Poet*, is derived from this *Fantastical* *Creatorial* Power, I think it the greatest Impropriety to apply so *senseless* a Name to so *Sensible*, nay to so *Common Sensible* an Author. But what Word can be sufficiently expressive of so eminent a Genius? I should even have despaired of finding one in the whole Vocabulary had not he himself directed me to it in the first Page of his Book.

Rehearſe, O muſe, the glorious deeds and death  
Of that ſam'd Spartan —

What can possibly be more *beautifully Simple*? The Verb *Rehearſe* is so peculiarly adapted to the Spirit and Genius of the Work, and so exactly foretels all we are to meet with in the Sequel, that it is indeed the *Iliad* in a *Nutshell*, *Leonidas* in *Miniature*, the Sum total of the whole nine Books in one Word. So that the Name



Name of *Poem* being rendered obsolete and disreputable we are no longer at a loss for one that is perfectly suitable, viz. *Rebearsal*, — the *Rebearsal* of *Leonidas*, — how sensible an Idea does it give? — Thrice happy *Britain* that has produc'd a Genius so far above the *fabulous* Versifiers of *Greece* and *Rome*, that their very Languages could have scarcely furnish'd a Name worthy of this our *great British Rebearsalist*!

The *Iliad* is exceedingly faulty in its *Exordium*; 'tis crowded with Images of Death and Horror. Had the Translator been blessed with our Author's cool and solid Judgment he would have had *Common Sense* enough to have drawn a Shade over these glaring Faults, and not given us in *English* all the *poetical, hyperbolical Rhapsody* of the Original.

*The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring  
Of all the Grecian woes, O goddess, sing;  
That wrath, which burl'd to Pluto's gloomy  
reign,  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;  
Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,  
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore.*

But the Beauties of the *Exordium* of the *Rebearsal* will appear in their truest Light when compar'd with *Virgil's*.

*Arma virumque cano* —

Quite beyond the Bounds of *Common Sense*! First, *cano*, I sing, — how exceedingly absurd to talk of Singing when it was never so much as design'd to be set to *Music*? *Homer*, indeed, might use the Word *αἶδω*, because his Poems are said to be only a Pack of *Ballads* sung up and down the Streets: But when this Custom was laid aside the Word that was expressive of it ought to have shared the same Fate. Here then is a monstrous Deviation from *Common Sense* in the first Step. In the next, *Cano arma virumque*, I sing Arms and the Man, — what Absurdity? — I sing of or concerning Arms would be intelligible.

But lest I should be thought too

partial in *Panegyric*, I must of Necessity confess (what few Commentators care to do) that my admired Author, even in this his admirable *Introduction*, has not quite reached the *Tip-top Pinnacle of Perfection*, having but too visibly deviated from *Common Sense*, by making an *Invocation* to the *Muse*. I am surprized, he could be led into this, since he is not in the *least indebted* to her Ideal Goddeship, but drew the whole from his own prolific Genius. It can indeed be ascribed to nothing but our Author's great Modesty, who, reviewing the mighty Works of his Heroic Pen, could scarce believe himself the Author of so many Excellencies; at least was ashamed to assume to himself and monopolize such prodigious Merit; and therefore call'd in this *imaginary* Dame to take her Share of it.

But I beg leave to recommend this Alteration to our Author in his next Edition. Instead of *rebearse O Muse*, read, *I will rebearse*. Upon more mature Consideration, I find great Reason to conclude this to be the original Reading, and the Former a Sophisticated one crept in by the *Oscitancy* and *Hallucination* of the Printer, whose Fingers were so accustomed to the Letters M-u-s-e at the Beginning of every Thing called a Poem, that they went mechanically to the Boxes, and ignorantly and injuriously inserted them in the *Rebearsal*. That this is the Case appears evidently from the third Book, where the Author heroically disclaims the Assistance of *Phæbus*, and all his *Seraglio*.

*Not thee whom rumour's sabling voice delights,  
Poetic fancy, to my aid I call;  
But thou, historic truth, support my song.*

I shrewdly suspect a Blunder of the Printer also in the last of these Lines. The Author, who in other Places so judiciously avoids talking of Singing, could never be guilty of such a gross Impropriety as to use the word *Song* when he was going to give us a *plain* *Hif-*

*Historical List of Xerxes's Army.* No, no, 'twas unquestionably the Abortive Embryo of the Printer's Negligence, and not the mature Conception of the *Rebearsalists*' Judgment, who, I dare say, wrote it originally thus.

*But thou, historic truth, report the throng.*

That is, give a full and true Account of the Army.

The next Thing that occurs is the *Entrance, or Opening* of the Fable; in which the *Rebearsalist* has greatly excelled the three Epic Poets of Greece, Rome, and England. They have got an odd Whim of hurrying us into the Middle of the Action all at once, and we are either engaged in a Quarrel, as in the *Iliad*; toused in a Storm, as in the *Æneid*; or what is worse than all, plung'd into the midst of Fire and Brimstone, as in *Milton*, without knowing why or wherefore. And *Horace* was such an old Dotard as to lay this down for a Pattern to others.

*Semper ad eventum festinat, & in medias res,*

*Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.*

Just as if a Man was obliged to follow those Architects who make the Door of their Houses one Story high, and oblige one to go down Stairs to the Ground-Floor. But the *Rebearsal* has shewed us a more natural Way of Building. His Entrance is where it should be, *even with the Ground.*

I shall here observe of the Fable in general, that, as the Epic Poets by Adultering theirs with such a deal of *Fiction* and *Romance*, had degraded the very Word *Fable* quite from it's original Signification of *History*, the *Rebearsalist* has restored it to it's former Dignity: Which undoubtedly makes him as superior to them, as *Truth* is to *Falshood*: So that tho' *Homer* and *Virgil* may possibly keep above Ground a little longer, and not be buried quite in Oblivion; at least not till *Leonidas* be translated into Greek

and *Latin*; yet, as to *Milton*, I expect to find him hereafter in no other Shops but Grocers and Chandlers. Every one knows how monstrously he soars beyond all Limits of *Common Sense*, each Page teems with *supernatural Births* and meer *Prodigies* of the *Imagination*: And what little he has taken from others, is derived from no better Authority, than that antique, obsolete, little read, and less regarded Book, the *Bible*.

The Author of *Leonidas* has with a religious Care avoided every Thing *Supernatural* or *Marvellous*; an Absurdity which the Ancients frequently run into. And *Aristotle* was such a Blockhead as to call it the Soul of *Epic Poetry*. You may guess then what Name Mr. *Pope* deserves who boasts of it's having been first *Breatb'd* into it by his favourite *Homer*. But we have now seen a *vast Genius* who has chosen a Subject so great and sublime as to be able to do without these shining Follies. To him their Assistance is not necessary; his Force is equal to the hardest Undertaking. [*Common Sense*, No. 10.]

If there be any Thing that looks like a *Miracle*, it is in the latter End of the fifth Book, where *Leonidas* contrives a Stratagem that does indeed seem quite beyond the Reach of a meer mortal Understanding. Conscious of this, the Author has with consummate Judgment awakened our Expectation of something inconceivably great. B. V. L. 694.

Now muse, the wondrous stratagem display,  
Which Sparta's hero, whose presiding care  
Mark'd all the great vicissitudes of fight,  
And rul'd the course of slaughter, had conceiv'd,  
To overwhelm the numerous long resisting foe  
In hideous death, and signalize the day  
With horrors new to war.

That the Reader may conceive every Part of this wondrous Stratagem and take a View of Horrors quite new to War; observe, that the rocky Mountain that hung perpendicularly over the Straights near *Thermopylae* was impervious to the *Persians*, but easy



easy of Ascent to the Greeks. The Persians having crowded Part of the Streights with their numerous Troops, and the Grecians with Difficulty maining their Ground, Leonidas, with a miraculous never enough to be admired Presence of Mind ordered a Party to ascend the Mountain, get together all the great Stones they could find, fling them down the Precipice and knock all the Persians o'the Head. This undoubtedly was such a Finesse in the Art of War, such a Prodigy of Foresight and Policy as might have been, — *dignus vindice nodus ut Deus interfuit*. To have made indeed a real God or Goddess descend would not have been within the Bounds of Common Sense, as the premier Commentator most wisely observes, but Apollo or Pallas might have made him a Visit in his Sleep, for a Grecian might dream, that he saw and talked with such Gentry, but the Absurdity would be to suppose he did it Waking. [Common Sense, N<sup>o</sup> 10.] But upon Recollection I find no Occasion for any of these celestial Machines. The Hero of the Rehearsal is superior to the Gods of other Poets. [Common Sense, ditto.]

This puts me in Mind of another of his Warriors who had a Spear run quite thro' his Breast and out at his Back, at which being not in the least shocked, he very sedately drew an Arrow from his Quiver, fitted it to his Bow-string, took exact Aim, and shot it with such Force that it past thro' the Breast-plate, and deep into the Breast of one of the first Rate Heroes among the Spartans. [Book 9. L. 584.] From this therefore we may assert, that as his Hero is superior to Virgil and Homer's Gods, so his Soldiers out-do even Milton's Devils.

Let us now proceed to his Similies, in which, says Common Sense, consists his particular Merit, particularly ev'n where every Thing is particularly meritorious. At first sight I was afraid my Brother had a little

overshot himself in asserting so peremptorily that *there is not so much as a single Simile taken from any of the Ancients*; for in the next Sentence he says, that *he believes there is hardly any Poem in the World that has such a Variety of beautiful Comparisons*. Now if he only believes this, I at first thought there might possibly be some few Comparisons that he was not acquainted with; and as he was wholly unacquainted with the Author, he could not possibly have this Intelligence from him. But upon more mature Deliberation I find the Assertion right, and will undertake to prove it almost to a Demonstration, such a one at least as a Negative is capable of, *viz.* by shewing that those Similies which may possibly seem borrowed from the Ancients are really not so, but as spick and span new as if none of the Ancients had ever learnt their A B C. I will begin with one where Milton has had the great good Fortune to speak somewhat like our Author. The latter thus compares a short Interval of Joy amidst a Scene of Grief and Woe. [Leonidas, B. 5<sup>th</sup> L. 108.]

Like wintry clouds which opening for a time,  
Tinge their black skirts with scatter'd beams of day,  
Then swiftly closing on the brows of morn  
Condense their horrors, and in thickest gloom  
The ruddy beauty veil.

Milton too, a like Interval of Joy.  
B. 2. L. 488.

As when from mountain tops, the dusky clouds  
Ascending while the north-wind sleeps, o'er  
spread  
Heav'n's cheerful face, the low'ring element  
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow or  
show'r.  
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest their joy, that bill and valley ring.

Now I think it will be plain to every one that compares these two Similies, that tho' the Ground-work of both be pretty much the same, yet the Superstructure being so vastly different, the Modern can be no more  
H h charg'd

charg'd with imitating Milton, than Sir Christopher may with taking his Plan of St. Paul's from the old Cathedral, because he built it upon the same Spot. Milton's, a meer Gothic Structure, is interspers'd with a vast Variety of Ornaments and Images, whereas the other is plain, solid, and substantial.

What has been said of Milton's Likeness to our Author, will hold equally good of him and Shakespear. After setting down the two Passages, he says, since I have quoted Shakespear, I must observe that I know no other Man but Homer, so insufferably guilty of errant downright Poetry, scarcely ev'n Virgil or Milton. Several glorious Attempts have, from Time to Time, been made to reduce him to Common Sense. Tate and others of the last Age deserve great Applause, and our present incomparable Laureat would undoubtedly have far exceeded his Predecessors, had not the injudicious senseless Town, thro' some unaccountable Prejudice to his Person, deprived itself of that invaluable Performance. After him I know no one so capable of that great Undertaking as the Author of Leonidas.

The next Person he quotes, who has several Times fortunately hit upon the same Sort of Similies with the Author of Leonidas, is Spenser. And after him he mentions Virgil and Homer, and gives some Instances out of them: And then says, I cannot conclude without just hinting at the unparallel'd Excellence of our Author, in so frequently alluding in his Similies to the Heathen Mythology. What a noble Idea does it give one, when his Heroes are compared to Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, Mars, Mercury, Æolus? The following one of Æolus is a proper Specimen of all the rest. B. 4. L. 7.

Obedient to his will  
Th' appointed legions issuing from their tents,  
With deepning ranks Leonidas inclose.

So round the monarch in his stormy cave  
The winds assemble, from his sable throne

When Æolus sends forth his dread command,  
To swell the main, or heav'n with clouds deform,  
Or bend the forest from the mountain's brow.

The chief End of Similies is to give us a clearer Idea of the Thing to which they are compared. Now there surely never was one which so compleatly answered that End as this of Æolus. A Man that had never been upon the Parade, or at a Review in Hyde-Park, might have but a confus'd Notion of deepning Ranks enclosing the commanding Officer. But as every Man living has seen Æolus's Cave and the Manner of his marshalling his Winds, Rank and File around him, our Ideas are most surprizingly bright'ned by this Comparison. Painting, they say, is nearly ally'd to Versification, and it is evident that the Author received the first Hint of this exquisitely beautiful Similitude from that inimitable Print of Æolus and his little puffing Marmidons in the Dauphin Editions of Virgil. Sorry am I that I have room for no more of the Heathen Gods, who every one of them in their Turn make so pretty a Figure in Leonidas. I shall only observe of them in general, that there never was since the Days of Pope Gregory, so proper a Time for their twelve Godships to make their Appearance in England; for as a good Part of the Nation seem determin'd to turn Christianity out o' Doors, and a new Election of Religions will probably soon come on, they will certainly be in the foremost Rank of Candidates, and will probably be restored to their antient Dignities.

Tours, &c.

MISO-MUSAEUS.

Craftsman, May 7. N<sup>o</sup> 566.

Of Government, and when it may be said to be Free.

I SHALL not enter into any romantic Enquiries about the Law of Nature; or how far our natural Liberties



erties ought to extend, under Society. Let it suffice us to say, in Concurrence with the Generality of People at this Time, that all Mankind were naturally free, and therefore all Governments ought to be so.

But the great Mistake is, that Governments are commonly divided into two Classes only, viz. arbitrary Governments and free Governments; whereas there are many different Sorts of each. The Governments of France and Spain are generally call'd arbitrary; tho' they differ as much from the Governments of Turkey and other Eastern Empires, where absolute Despoticism prevails, as they do from the Government of England and other European Nations, where Liberty is said to flourish in its fullest Perfection. A Monarchy, in the strict Sense of the Word, is Tyranny; and a Commonwealth is generally supposed to be more free than a limited Monarchy; of which likewise there are different Kinds. Poland is call'd both a Kingdom, and a Republick, tho' it seems to participate most of the latter; since the Republick hath not only a Right to elect their Kings, but confine them within very narrow Bounds, when they are chosen. The Government of Sweden is somewhat of the same Nature, with Regard to the Right of electing their Kings, and controlling the Power of the Crown. But, in one Respect, there is an essential Difference between them; for whereas the common People of Poland are absolute Slaves, in Sweden they are perfectly free, and enjoy a Share in the Legislature. The Government of England differs from both, in several material Articles, and is justly esteem'd the most excellent Plan of a limited Monarchy in the World; being admirably calculated to make both the Prince and the People happy, whilst it is exercised with a due Regard to the Rules of the Constitution.

The distinguishing Privilege of En-

glishmen, is being govern'd by our own Consent, or by Laws of our own making; that is, by our Representatives in Parliament; and certainly, there cannot be a greater Blessing, or Security of Liberty, than this

A Privilege, when enjoy'd in its full Extent. But if the Representatives of the People should at any Time hereafter be induced, by Pensions, Places, or other Gratuities, to act directly contrary to the known Sense and visible Interests of the People, as they have formerly done; how can they be said to be govern'd by their own Consent, or by Laws of their own making?

It is incumbent on a wise and a free People not to arm the Crown with any Powers, under the best Prince upon Earth, which may be employ'd by a bad one to the Subversion of their Liberties, and the Establishment of his own Will for Law, or converting it into Law, whenever he pleases.

I am ready to acknowledge, that this is not our Case at present, and I hope never will; but the Power of the Crown is already so extensive, that we ought at least to guard against any farther Growth of it, unless in Cases of the utmost Extremity.

E I believe nobody will deny that the Civil List is sufficiently large to answer all the Purposes, for which it was granted; and it is well known that it hath been hitherto punctually apply'd to them; as it will, no doubt, for the future.

F Our Taxes, God knows, have been carried as far as the present Circumstances of the People can well bear; tho' no farther, to be sure, than the Necessities of the Government, and the Welfare of the Nation, absolutely required. I cannot explain our Condition, in this Respect, better than by comparing it with that of a neighbouring Kingdom, which does not enjoy the same Blessings of Liberty.

The *People of France* are generally computed at 20,000,000 and the *Revenue* at 11,000,000 *per Annum*. The *People of England* are computed at 8,000,000 and the *Revenue* at 7,000,000 *l. per Annum*. From whence it appears, according to this Calculation, that if every Individual in *France* were to be tax'd alike, it would amount but to 11 *s.* a Head; whereas if the same Method were to be follow'd in *England*, it would amount to about 17 *s.* 6 *d.* a Head. But what is this Difference, in Comparison to our *Liberties*, which ought to be consider'd as the *Purchase* for our *Taxes*?

It was impossible for us to raise *such a vast yearly Sum*, without having Recourse to *Excises*, and an almost infinite Number of *penal Laws*; which Sir *Josiah Child*, I think, calls the *best sumptuary Laws*, that can be invented; and so, indeed, they are; for they not only make all the *Necessaries of Life* much dearer in themselves, by the *Taxes* laid upon them; but likewise put us to another extraordinary Expence, by the *Method of Collection*, and thereby have a natural Tendency to check the present, reigning Spirit of *Luxury*.

But as *such coercive Laws* are always apt to make the *People* uneasy, and sometimes tumultuous, we have been obliged to keep up a *large standing Army*, in Times of Peace, to curb their Insolence, and put the Law in Execution. Nay, so audacious are they grown, especially in *Scotland*, that they sometimes have the Boldness to oppose even *these sacred Guardians of our Liberties*, as well as the *civil Power*; which makes it thought necessary to extend the *penal Laws* still farther, if not to increase the *Army*.

It must be confess'd that *these necessary Evils* (for so they are) have been chiefly occasion'd by the vast Load of our *Debts*, contracted in the dear Cause of *Liberty*, and for the

Preservation of the *Balance of Europe*; the latter of which is now so firmly establish'd, that we have an Opportunity of securing our *Liberties*, by a Reduction of the *publick Expences*, and paying off our *Debts*; which is the only *Specifick*, in our present Case.

*Common-Sense, May 7. N<sup>o</sup> 14.*

*Of the Interest of this Nation, with respect to foreign Conquests.*

**A**LMOST every Age has its peculiar Spirit, which is commonly the Spirit of the Court. In pacifick Reigns, the Blessings of Peace and Plenty are never unprais'd, tho' often unfelt; the Court gives the Word, and the willing Nation echoes it back. Thus, in the pacifick Reign of *Harry VII.* the People, tho' groaning under the unsatiable Exactions of that greedy Monarch, and his rapacious Instruments *Empson* and *Dudley*, most chearfully sung the Song of Peace, and ascribed to the Wisdom of their Prince a Tranquillity they only ow'd to his Avarice, and the Distrust of his Title.

On the contrary, in the Reigns of warlike and enterprizing Princes, the *English* Valour and Glory have been the Topicks of Conversation, and even the Comforts of a People labouring under Taxes and Misery. It is astonishing to find with how much more Spirit than Common Sense, this Nation supported the Pretensions of our *Edwards* and *Henrys* upon *France*, and with what Alacrity they spilt their Blood, and spent their Treasure, to make themselves in reality a Province to, and dependent upon that Nation. This was so glaring a Truth, that I can hardly conceive how it could escape them; since it is obvious, there is no manner of Difference to this Nation, between conquering *France*, and being conquer'd by it. In either Case *Paris* would equally have been the Seat of Empire,



Empire, and whether a *Valois* or a *Plantagenet* wore the Crown, *England* would only have felt its Weight, but never have seen the Lustre of it.

Smaller Dominions united to greater, no matter upon what Terms, are soon absorb'd in them, and become dependent upon them. Thus, tho' it was glorious for *Alexander* to have conquer'd *Asia* with a handful of *Macedonians*, *Macedon* soon became a Province to its new Conquests. And the best it could have hoped for, would have been his intire Oblivion, instead of being so far remember'd by him, as every now and then to receive from him some hungry Deputy to oppress and plunder them.

*Scotland*, tho' united to *England*, not by the Fate of Arms, but by the Succession of their Prince, soon felt this Truth; for from the Time of that Union, it has never been the Residence of any of their Kings, nor even of that pacifick Monarch whose Country it was; and who, from the Time he succeeded to the Crown of *England*, thought it properer, and, it may be, pleasanter to reside here.

The Strength of this Island consists in that Fortification which Nature has provided for it, and with which it is surrounded. *England*, upon the same Continent with the other Powers of *Europe*, would make an inconsiderable Figure in Comparison with them; but divided from them by the Sea, it is, or at least might be, free from those Dangers and Disturbances which their jarring Interests perpetually occasion; and great in its native Strength, might be courted by them all, and interpose, when proper, with Weight and Efficacy.

But we must lose all these Advantages, if we acquire any Possession upon the Continent. If they are more considerable than *England*, *England* only catches a Tartar: If they are inconsiderable Scraps of beggarly Territories, they infallibly involve us in Quarrels they are not

worth, and in Expences which the Fee-Simple of them, if sold, would not defray.

This being then always the Case, we may, in this Instance at least, assert, that we are wiser than our Ancestors, in avoiding Conquests, which they so eagerly pursued. We have all of *France* that I hope we ever shall have, the Title, and the Arms; the one sounds very well in the Style of our Kings, and the other looks very well in their Escutcheons, but the Reality would ruin us.

I am aware, that some discontented People may urge all these Arguments against those Electoral Dominions his Majesty possesses in *Germany*, and pretend they are disadvantageous and burdensome to this Country; but with Submission to these shallow Politicians, the Case is exactly the contrary, as I shall prove.

The Electorate, tho' possess'd by his Majesty, is not annex'd to this Kingdom, and we are so far from being involv'd in any of the Troubles of the Continent on that Account, that it is expressly provided against by the Act of Limitations; which has been so strictly observ'd, that since the Connexion we have had with those Dominions, *England* has never been engaged in a War at all.

As to the Country itself, tho' an extensive, and to be sure a delightful one, yet it is so far inferior to *England*, that we can never apprehend that any of our Monarchs will make it the Place of their Residence any longer than the Urgency of their Occasions absolutely requires. This likewise appears to have been the Opinion of the Legislature, by their repealing, in the second Year of the late King, that Clause in the Act of Limitations, which restrain'd his Majesty from leaving the Kingdom without the Consent of Parliament; wisely foreseeing that *Hanover* could never, by Way of Preference, become the Seat of Empire.

Nor

Nor is it an absolute Government, and, of Consequence, can give our Princes neither a Taste of, nor Relish for unlimited Power; the People have Liberties and Privileges, and the better to secure them, there are States composed of wise and grave Persons, and hitherto, as I am inform'd, uncorrupted.

The late Acquisitions of *Bremen* and *Verden* give us no small Weight in the *North*, that had we (as we shall not) been engaged in twenty Wars with *Sweden* upon this Account, our Money would still be well spent, and our Blood well spilt.

*Daily Gazetteer*, N<sup>o</sup> 579 and 586.

#### CIVIL LIBERTY, its Extent, and Restraints.

**L**IBERTY is little understood by those, who think it hard, and a Sort of Slavery, that they cannot say and do what they please in a *free Nation*. It is generally said, That *Words ought to be free*. Yes, innocent Words, such as disturb not Society, nor injure any of its Members. It is certain, that as private Men may be undone by unbridled Slander, so may the Publick be shaken, and even overturned, by prevailing Misrepresentations, and the unbridled Voice of Sedition.

No Country, therefore, not even this Country, the freest of all others, can permit an universal Latitude of Speaking and Writing; and the *Liberty of the Press*, so highly and so justly valued amongst us, is and must be subject to certain Bounds. No Man, I presume, will contend, that by the *Liberty of the Press* any Man should have the Privilege of reviling the Person of the King, or of traducing his Government; or of treating the two Houses of Parliament contumeliously; or of persuading the People that they are *oppressed and enslaved*, and *ought to revolt*; or of spreading Calumnies at random upon Men

and Women of all Ranks, or of any Rank. The *Liberty of the Press*, is, therefore, no more, even in *England*, than the reasonable Liberty of Writing and Publishing whatever is not inconsistent with the *English Laws* and Constitution.

As I am a perfect Friend to such Liberty, I cannot wish it under any new Restrictions; for tho' this Liberty is often abused, I fear those Restrictions would be as much abused; and the Abuse of Penal Laws is generally worse than the Abuse of Liberty. The Abuse of either is very wicked, and must be attended with mischievous Consequences; and they have much to answer for, who commit that Abuse.

Power unrestrained is Tyranny; Liberty unrestrained, does certainly produce Slavery. As all Government subsists in a great Measure, by Restraints and Terrors, the Idea of absolute Liberty utterly excludes the Idea of Government, and consequently, of Society; which may subsist, tho' unhappily, under Tyranny, but cannot where there is no Restraint at all.

It is even necessary to the Existence and Preservation of Society, that the governing Power should be absolute, and have the sovereign Disposal of the Properties and Persons of all the Individuals. Since whatever, or whoever, has a Latitude to oppose it, may destroy it; and therefore no Government whatever admits such a Latitude.

Thus the Power of our three Estates is as absolute as that of the *Great Turk*; but as they are themselves bound and concluded by their own Laws, Individuals are secure by being upon the same Foot with their Governors: And this general and equal Security, this Certainty of what is allowed and what is forbid, by certain and unvariable Laws, is what we call Liberty.

But every Government whatsoever



ever is invested with a supreme, uncontrollable Power of preserving itself. For if it could not preserve itself, how could it preserve its People? Nor is any Government upon Earth, even such Governments as are armed with the most sudden and terrible Powers and Methods of Punishment, able to stand against a Torrent of Sedition unrestrained. A single, angry, and declaiming Beggar, by standing in the Market-Place of Constantinople, and animating the Crowd about him against the Government, occasion'd a prodigious Revolution there in a Day or two, made and deposed Emperors and Ministers at his Pleasure, acted the Sovereign in Rags, and gave Laws to that mighty Empire.

It is not a sufficient Answer, to alledge that the People had been first greatly oppressed, tho' it be true; for under that Sort of Government they are always oppressed, and the Change of their Governors is only the Change of Oppressors. But it is still very possible, by the same Means, by continual Invectives and Slander, thrown out without Check, upon any Government whatsoever, to incense the People against it, to make them believe that they are oppressed when they are not, or to fill them with the Presages and Fears of Oppression, when none is intended: Nay, the very Methods taken to ease and relieve them, shall be misconstrued into Engines of Slavery, and fill them with Terror and Hate, instead of Joy and Gratitude. The *Turks* would think you blasphem'd, if you talk'd to them of restraining or qualifying their savage Monarchy; and the *Spaniards* would burn you, if you proposed to secure them from being burned, by destroying that earthly Hell, the Inquisition.

What one Act of Oppression, what single Sign of Slavery, excited the late Rebellion? Yet the People, or a

great Part of them, believed that they were undone, or going to be undone, because Incendiaries and Slanderers, void of Conscience, told them so. The Multitude have not the keeping of their own Senses, whenever they are well heated by Declaimers, or misled by Deceivers; whatever they are then told, they believe, and not the less for its being false, or even impossible.

Of what Concern was it to the People of *Great Britain*, that the Earl of *Mar*, always reckoned an artful Man, and the Duke of *Ormond*, never esteemed a very able Man, were removed from their Employments by a Prince, who thought he had more Reason to dismiss them than to confide in them? Did the King in thus dismissing them, at all strain the Prerogative, or violate any one Law? Yet we all remember what Outrages followed that Dismissal, especially that of the Duke, as if he had been the *Atlas* of the Church, and the Church must have fallen with him, insomuch that to save the Church and restore her Champion, all the Acts of Fury, Perjury, Irreligion, and Madness that could be committed, were committed; the vilest Calumnies were published, in defence of the Cause of Truth; and a barbarous Rebellion was raised by the Advocates for Passive Obedience.

SOLON.

*Grubstreet Journal*, May 12. N<sup>o</sup> 385.

A Dialogue between Capt. Pet, Mr. Littledone, Don Roberto, and Mr. Sneerwell, concerning an Epic Poem, intituled, Jack the Giant-killer. (See p. 238.)

CAPT. Pet. By G—d, the best Poem in the World.

Mr. L. Don R. Oh! never was the like.

Mr. S. Well, shall we examine it.

Don R. Oh, Sir, you are a Critic. Pray do you understand Mathematics?

Mr. S. Mathematics, Sir! Why what

what has Mathematics to do with Poetry?

D. R. Only, Sir, this: That no Man ever was a Judge of any Thing without being a Mathematician. What made *Horace* and *Bossu* Asses; *Dacier* an Owl, and *Aristotle*—yes *Aristotle* had a little Sense; but nothing, Sir, nothing, depend upon it, to what we have in these Days.

Mr. S. If you'll give me leave, you shall hear the Argument of each Book. [reads]

1. A Poetico-historical Account, B how *Jack* went to an old *Witch*, to enquire how to make himself glorious. How the old *Witch* told him he must be knock'd on the Head at the *Straits of Gibraltar*. How *Jack*, who laugh'd at all Witchcraft, followed the old *Witch's* Advice, but first took leave of his Wife and Family.

2. How *Jack* travell'd and travell'd, till he came to the *Straits*: How the *Giant* sent Word to *Jack*, he would eat him up: How *Jack* bid him kiss his A---e.

3. How the *Giant* brought all the D World to fight against little *Jack*.

4. 5. How *Jack's* Men fought with the *Giant's* Men: But neither *Jack*, no the *Giant* did any Thing.

6, 7. How Prince *Prettyman* fell in Love: And how Miss *Airy* kill'd herself for the Man she never spoke to.

8, 9. How *Jack*, who for a long while, say'd nothing, say'd his Prayers, went out, and was knock'd on the Head.

—— With Submission, our Poem wants Ornament and Greatness. Besides, how are we interested in the Subject! what's little *Jack* to us, or we to *Jack*?

Mr. L. Interested, Sir! why I'll tell you how we are Interested. Little *Jack* is——and the *Giant* is—— Now you know, Sir.——Then, here are Lines against Bribery and Corruption. G

Mr. S. Bad Things indeed, but - -

Mr. L. But, Sir! Why, Sir, if you'll defend such Things as these, I must tell you——

Mr. S. Dear, Mr. L. let us now mind our present Design.

Mr. L. I must own, that I have been so taken up of late in getting my own Speeches by heart, that I have not had Time to read little *Jack's* as carefully as I should. But the Poem shall pass, that's pos.

*Sneerwell* reads,

*The glorious deeds, and glorious death rehearse,  
O muse, of little glorious Jack in verse.*

Pray, Gentlemen, is not this glorious Beginning something like the *Cantab nobile bellum*, which *Horace* objects to?

Don R. Z---, Sir: I say'd, long ago, *Horace* was an Ass. We strike out a new Light: We scorn the Rules of the Ancients.

Here the Company fell into a very warm Debate, whether *Horace* had any Sense or no. In the mean while Mr. *Sneerwell* slipt out of the Company, and left them all quarrelling among themselves.

*Weekly Miscellany*, May 13. N<sup>o</sup>. 229.

*Some Queries in relation to Ireland:  
From a Piece call'd the Querist,  
publish'd there.*

W HETHER it would not be an horrible Thing to see our Matrons make Dress and Play their chief Concern? E

Whether our Ladies might not as well endow Monasteries, as wear *Flanders Lace*? And whether it be not true, that *Popish Nuns* are maintained by *Protestant Contributions*?

Whether it be not a notorious Truth, that our *Irish Ladies* are on a Foot as to Dress, with those of three Times their Fortune in England?

Whether it be not even certain, that the Matrons of this forlorn Country send out a greater Proportion of its Wealth for fine Apparel, than any other Females on the whole Surface of the terraqueous Globe?

Whether the Expence, great as it is, be the greatest Evil? But whether this Folly may not produce many other Follies:



Follies; an entire *Derangement* of Domestic Life, absurd Manners, Neglect of Duties, bad Mothers, a general Corruption in both Sexes?

Whether therefore a Tax on all Gold and Silver in Apparel, on all Foreign Laces and Silks, may not raise a Fund for a Bank, and at the same Time have other salutary Effects on the Publick?

Whether bad Management may not be worse than Slavery? And whether any Part of Christendom be in a more languishing Condition than Ireland?

But whether any Kingdom in Europe be so good a Customer at *Bourdeaux*, as Ireland?

Whether the *Irish* do not yearly consume of *French Wines* about 1000 Tuns more than either *Sweden* or *Denmark*; and yet whether those Nations pay ready Money, as the *Irish* do?

Whether there be not every Year more Cash circulated at the Card-Tables of *Dublin*, than at all the Fairs of Ireland?

Whether it be not evident, that not Gold, but Industry, causeth a Country to flourish?

Whether it would not be a silly Project in any Nation to hope to grow rich by prohibiting the Exportation of Gold and Silver?

Whether there can be a greater Mistake in Politics, than to measure the Wealth of a Nation by its Gold and Silver?

Whether Gold and Silver be not a Drug, where they do not promote Industry? Whether they be not even the Bane and Undoing of an idle People?

Whether Gold will not cause either Industry or Vice to flourish? And whether a Country, where it flowed in without Labour, must not be wretched and dissolute like an Island inhabited by *Buccaneers*?

Whether Arts and Virtue are not likely to thrive, where Money is made a Means to Industry? But whe-

ther Money without this would be a Blessing to any People?

Whether therefore *Mississipi*, *South-Sea*, and such like Schemes, were not calculated for public Ruin?

A To the AUTHOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE Gentleman who wrote the following Letter (on his Death Bed,) to an intimate Friend, was a remarkable Example of the Vicissitudes and Changes of this Life. From the Possession of an ample Fortune (of which he was unjustly depriv'd) he was hurry'd down to a very mean State, hardly able to purchase himself the common Necessaries of Life; but it prov'd a happy Change for him, for he had now Time to apply himself seriously to the Discharge of his Duty, and to settle those Accounts which every Man sooner or later is desirous of doing. He was never heard once to repine at his Fate, but with patient *Job* acknowledg'd all for the best; he found there was no Dependence on the Children of this World, and that all was Vanity and Vexation in it. He bore a lingering Illness with the greatest Fortitude, and dy'd a Pattern of Virtue, Piety and Resignation.

To Mr. E—— K——.

Dear Sir,

AT last my Distemper has got the better of the Skill of the Physician, and the Care of my dear Attendants. Adieu World and Vanity! Weary of a noisy tedious Life, I retire to a Place where shall no Vexation come. Happy for me that I have laid up Treasure in Heaven, which will stand me in more Stead than all the Pomp and Pageantry of this sublunary Spot! My dear Friend, one of my greatest Grievs is to be parted from thee. Thou wert my only Solace of Life: Thou wert

the dear Companion of my most serious Hours; the Partaker of all my Thoughts. But we are not immortal. The Struggle I am now going thro', you will in a small Space of Time experience yourself. Oh! that you may with the same Pleasure submit yourself to the Stroke of Fate, with the same Resignation adore the Decrees of Providence, and die with assur'd Hope of everlasting Joys hereafter. Oh! 'tis a Consummation devoutly to be wish'd! Methinks the nearer I approach the Borders of Eternity, the more elated I seem: And as the Springs of Life decay, I am more and more inspir'd with the Thoughts of my future Happiness. I have a Thousand and ten Thousand Things to say, but the grim Messenger grows Impatient, and I have only Time, in the last Agony of my departing Soul, to wish your Welfare; and subscribe myself

Yours in Death,

R— F—n—n.

Craftsman, May 14. N°. 567.

Observations on the Proposal of a Tax upon Urine, &c. (See p. 209.)

Mr. D'ANVERS,

**I** NEITHER intirely approve, nor dislike your Correspondent's Scheme, for prohibiting the Use of all Liquors, except plain Water, and laying a Tax upon Urine, in lieu of them. In the first Place, the Manner of levying this Tax may be attended with great Difficulties. History does not inform us how it was collected amongst the Romans, in the Time of Vespasian. It is generally supposed, indeed, that there were publick watering Places in the Streets of Rome, where every Body was obliged to stop, when they had any Occasion, and pay a certain Toll for it. But this Method must be liable to great Frauds, especially in the Night-Time; and therefore I would humbly propose the following Amendments.

1. That all Persons shall be obliged

to keep a regular Account of what Water they make every Day, as in the Case of Coffee, Tea and Chocolate, in a Book deliver'd to them by the Officers of Excise, for that Purpose; which they shall likewise be obliged to deliver back upon Oath, when fill'd up.

2. That all scattering of Water, or concealing it, may be deem'd Running, and liable to the same Penalties, as by the late Smuggling-Act, and other Statutes.

3. That the Officers of Excise shall have Power to enter any Bed-Chamber, or other Place, where they suspect any Water to be clandestinely made, or conceal'd, either by Day or by Night; and any Person, or Persons, obstructing the Officer, shall, for every such Offence, forfeit 100l.

4. If the Person suspected of any such Concealment should be a Woman, it will be proper, that a female Officer be appointed to make the Enquiry; and if a Man and his Wife, who cohabit together, should be suspected of combining in the same Fraud, it may be lawful for an Officer of each Sex to enter the Room, attended by a Peace-Officer, if in the Night-Time.

Another Objection to this Scheme is, that the greatest Peer of the Realm will not pay more than the poorest Manufacturer, or Day-Labourer; which will render it a more unequal Imposition than the Window-Tax, the Salt-Duty, the Gin Act, or any of our late Duties upon Commodities.

Besides, I am apprehensive that the English Nobility and Gentlemen of large Estates, in Land, Money, or Places, will never consent to put themselves upon a Level with their Inferiors, by drinking of Water only, for the Good of the Publick.

I therefore make a farther Proposal, either that the Nobility and Gentry should pay for their Urine, in some Kind of Proportion to their Income;



Income; or that they may be allow'd the free Use of *Wine* and other Liquors, subject to *double Duties*, for the Sake of the *Revenue*, which would be no Loser upon that Account.

I am likewise aware that this Scheme will be strongly oppos'd by **A** *three Bodies* of People, who compose two thirds of the Nation, and have a vast Deal of Weight in it.

The first are the *Ladies*; who will not easily consent to part with their *Coffee*, *Tea*, and *Chocolate*, as well as now and then a little, quieting *Draught*, to which they have been so long us'd. But as they are to receive a Benefit from *this Act*, which they never enjoy'd before, it may be presumed that Time will reconcile them to it.

The second is the *Faculty of Physicians*, who will be utterly undone if this Scheme of *Water-drinking* should take Place; especially if our Diet should be laid under the same prudent Regulations. But if the Nobility and Gentry are excepted out of this Act, according to my Proposal, **D** the learned Faculty will be still able to pick up a tolerable Livelihood.

The third Sort of People, who will likewise oppose this Scheme, is the whole Body of *Vintners*, *Inn-holders*, *Alehouse-keepers*, *Coffee-men*, and other *Publicans*. But as the Wisdom **E** of this Age hath discover'd that they are really a *Nuisance*, and ought not to be encouraged by a *sober, industrious, trading Nation*, I believe little Regard will be paid to them; who may be allow'd, like the *Distillers*, to follow any other Business, either **F** on the *Highway*, or otherwise, as they can best dispose of themselves.

As for the *Army*, if there should be any Difficulty in quartering them, when all the *publick Houses* are demolish'd, it will be easy to build *Baracks*; which will keep them more **G** unmix'd with the *seditionous Populace*, and at no great Expence to the Nation.

But my chief Objection to this Scheme is, that I am afraid it will not intirely make good the *present Revenue*; especially that sacred Part of it, appropriated to the Use of the *Civil-List*.

It is almost incredible, at first Sight, that any Nation should pay *three Millions* a Year for their *Drinkables* only; but when we consider the Excises upon *Beer* and *Ale*, *Mum*, *Cyder* and *Perry*, *Brandy*, *Rum*, *Arrack*, and all *Spirits*, *Coffee*, *Tea* and **B** *Chocolate*, *foreign Wines*, and *home-made Liquors*, which are now to be call'd *Sweets*, your Correspondent's Computation seems to be very moderate; and considering the growing Increase of many of them, by the happy Prevalence of *Luxury*, I cannot help doubting whether the new Tax, which he proposes to substitute in their stead, will answer the same laudable Purposes.

I therefore propose it to Consideration, whether the Publick ought not to have a Right to the *Urine* itself, as well as to the Tax upon it; for great Quantities of this Commodity being made use of in *Dying*, *Cy-mistry*, *Allom Works*, and other Manufactures, it would certainly bring in a considerable Sum; tho' *Water-drinking* would in a great Measure **E** deprive it of those *saline Particles*, which render it chiefly valuable.

Let it be also consider'd whether this Tax might not be extended to some other *Evacuations*, and collected in the same Manner, by inspecting all *publick Houses of Ease*, and ordering **F** *private Conveniencies* to be stamp'd, for the future, like *Dice*, *Cards*, &c.

But if all these Proposals should be judged impracticable, or improper, I have another to offer, directly contrary to your Correspondent's Scheme, which I apprehend will effectually answer the Design; that is, by laying a Tax upon *Water* itself, instead of prohibiting all other Liquors; which will either bring in a very

great annual Sum, if the People make Use of *Water* only, or drive them to *Beer* and *Ale*, and thereby occasion a vast Increase to the *Civil-List*.

I am sensible that such a Tax will occasion great Clamours amongst the *common People*, and perhaps be compared, by some Persons of an higher Rank, to the *Roman Punishment, Aquæ & Ignis Interdictio*, or *forbidding the Use of Water and Fire*; which being necessary to the Preservation of Life, was only another Term for *Banishment*. But I hope a due Distinction will be made between a Tax upon Water and a *total Prohibition* of it. Besides, it is well known that *Fire* is already tax'd; and why should not *Water* too, for the same good Purposes of Government?

R. DUDLEY.

*Common Sense*, May 14. N<sup>o</sup> 15.

*The Rat and the Statue: A Chinese Allegory.*

**H**OEN Kong ask'd his Minister *Koan Tchong*, what was the most to be fear'd in a Government? *Koan Tchong* answer'd, in my Mind, Sir, nothing is more to be dreaded, than what they call *the Rat in the Statue*. *Hoen Kong* not understanding the Allegory, *Koan Tchong* explained it to him. You know, Sir, said he, that it is a common Practice to erect Statues to the Genius of the Place; these Statues are of Wood, hollow within, and painted without. If a Rat gets into one of 'em, one does not know how to get him out; one does not dare to make use of Fire, for fear of burning the Wood; one can't dip it in Water, for fear of washing off the Colours; so that the Regard one has for the Statue, saves the Rat that's got into it. Such, Sir, are in every Government those, *who, without Virtue or Merit, have gain'd the Favour of their Prince: They ruin every Thing; one sees it, one laments*

*it, but one does not know how to remedy it.*

I approve of the Moral of the Story, and am very much of *Koan Tchong's* Mind; but how he came to be of that Mind himself, I can't easily comprehend; for our Author says he was a Minister, and consequently of the *Rat Kind*. But as he does not say, that he was first, or sole Minister, I am inclin'd to think he was only one of those who have the Name, and Salary of Ministers, without any of the Power; and who are often glad to give a Slap by the by to the first Minister, tho' they have not Courage enough openly to attack him.

I cannot say this Allegory is so apt as I expected from a People so much vers'd in that Manner of Instruction. The Parallel drawn between the Emperor, and a wooden Statue, is so uncourtly, that I could have wish'd our Author had inform'd us, how his *Chinese* Majesty relish'd the Similitude; for, in reality, it was making no Difference between an *anointed Head* and a *wooden one*. A Rat may very well eat his Way into a Statue unseen, unfelt, and unsmelt: But can a Minister, especially such a one as is here describ'd, without Virtue or Merit, nibble himself into his Prince's Favour, and the Prince not *smell a Rat*? I will admit, that the *Eastern* Monarchs have not that Degree of Sagacity, which so eminently distinguishes the *European* ones; and I will allow, that they are more likely to be impos'd upon by the Artifices of a designing Minister; their indolent and retir'd Way of Life, soaking in the Arms of their imperial Consorts, or wantoning in the Embraces of their Concubines, not giving 'em the same Opportunities of seeing or being inform'd. But still, when this general Ruin is universally seen and lamented as *Koan Tchong* expresses it, the unanimous Voice, and just Complaints of a ruin'd and oppress'd



press'd People, must reach, affect, and rouse his Majesty, if he be but ever so little above a Statue. If not, if such an Impossibility could be suppos'd, I must then confess, that the Allegory of the painted Wood is so far just, as that the *King's Head* A would properly be *but the Sign of the Government*.

The Conclusion *Koan Tchong* draws from this Allegory, is no less false and absurd. Such tender Regard for the Statue, would much better have become an *Hibernian* Courtier, B than a *Chinese* one; for it is saying, in very good *Irish*, that the Statue, from the Regard one has for it, shall be entirely devour'd, for fear of being a little damag'd or defaced. Whereas, I should rather think, that the best Way of showing that Regard C for the Statue, would be, by saving as much as ever one could of it, from the further Depredations of the Rat; even tho' it were to cost a Limb or two, as is frequently practis'd upon human Bodies. But to do *Koan Tchong* Justice, I don't impute his D Way of Reasoning to his Want of Parts; I rather think it was a Piece of ministerial Logick, which has been used in other Countries besides *China*. For he so closely connects the Rat and the Statue, and, consequently, the King and the Minister, that, in effect, he makes them but one Flesh, and one would think they grew together like the two \* *Hungarian* Girls; by this Way of Reasoning, whoever attack'd this all devouring Rat, *alias* Minister, was an Enemy to the Statue, *alias* King; and, F *vice versa*, those that were Friends to Rat and Minister, were Friends to Statue and King.

Let us now consider the Allegory literally. These *sacred, painted, tawdry Images*, are erected to the *Genii* of the Place; they are the Productions of Superstition, and, probably,

the Creatures of the Bonzes, who dub 'em Sacred, and exhibit them as Representations (wooden ones, alas!) of the Divinity. Sacrilegious Rats eat their Way into 'em, and endanger their wooden Existence. What's to be done? Why truly they are to devour with Impunity, for fear the Statue should receive some small Damage in the Rescue; as if there were not a thousand Ways of coming at the Rat with little or no Danger to the Statue. For Instance, shaking it B soundly, might probably make his Dwelling so uneasy, that he might be willing to quit it.

There is another obvious Expedient, which is, sending a Cat up after him; but to this, I own, I have some Objection myself, because, tho' the Cat would kill the Rat, he would possibly remain in his Place, and be as unwilling to quit it. C But is it possible that the useful Art of Rat-catching should be unknown to so ingenious a People as the *Chinese*? If it is, I would advise our *East-India* Company to send 'em a Rat-catcher or two next Voyage, for whom they might expect as considerable Returns, as *Whittington* is reported to have made by his Cat. Tho' I am very sorry to say it, the Noble Art and Mystery of Rat-catching has greatly declined even here of late. E

But can one suppose, that the Piety of the Bonzes would suffer 'em to remain indifferent Spectators of such sacrilegious Outrages? And that they who can dislodge a Devil, can't get out a Rat? Unless one has little Charity enough to believe, that the Bonzes, by a Sort of Commutation, are not unwilling to let the Rats take Sanctuary in their Statues, to be rid of 'em themselves; and so, by an interested and impious Connivance, give up their Gods, to save their Bacon. F

To come now to the allegorical

\* Two Hungarian Girls, that were shewn some Years ago as a fine Sight, and who were fasten'd together by the Rump,

Sense, which *Koan Tchong* has such a Mind to establish. A Minister without Virtue and Merit, gains the Favour of his Prince, he ruins every Thing; one sees it, one laments it, but one does not know how to remedy it. To me the Remedy seems very easy and obvious; take the Minister away from him, and prevent the Ruin that threaten'd both him and his Country. I don't doubt, indeed, but the Minister would, during the Operation, cry out, like *Koan Tchong*, you attack the King, you deface the King, you wound the King thro' my Sides, and would plead the King, as Women do their Bellies, to respite Execution; but surely, upon Examination, a Degree of Sagacity much inferior to that of Matrons, would be sufficient to bring him in not Quick with King, but a distinct and separate Body, easily mov'd, without the least Danger to the Sovereign.

*Old Whig*, May 19. N<sup>o</sup> 115.

*Case of the City of Edinburgh, &c.*

S I R,

THE Existence of our Government (as also of all others that are free) depends upon a just Reverence for the Persons and Authority of our Governors, on the one Hand; and a due Tenderneſs for the Rights of the People on the other. Whatsoever tends to the Weakening of these Principles, either in the Governors or the Governed, doth so far tend to the Dissolution of the Government, and Subversion of the publick Peace. Offences must be animadverted upon, and Malefactors punished; but then the Punishment ought always to fall upon the Heads of the Offenders, and upon them only. The mutual Affection between the Prince and the People in their publick politick Capacity, is never to be infringed. No Offence ought, upon any

Occasion, to be supposed in either of those Parties: Because such a Supposition may do great harm, in shocking the Frame of the Government; but cannot do good, since there is not, nor in the Nature of Politicks can there be, any proper Remedy provided for such Wrongs.

The same Reasoning will hold in proportion, with regard to the Community of any City, or other Part of the Publick. Whatever Offence may have been committed by the Members of such a Body, and however general the Guilt may be, yet the Resentment of the Magistrate is, as in good Politicks it ought to be, pointed against the Offenders singly, and in their natural Capacity: They are severed from the Publick, of which they were Members; and the Affection of the Prince or State towards the City or Community itself, is always supposed and professed to continue.

As the Bill for incapacitating *Alexander Wilson, Esq; &c.* (see p. 220.) is not yet pass'd into a Law; and as it is a Bill of very great Importance, immediately to one City in the united Kingdom, and consequentially to all other Cities and enfranchised Boroughs; I hope an *Old Whig* may, without Offence, offer some Thoughts upon it.

What Part my Lord Provost may have acted, with respect to the late Riot, I cannot say: But if I were in the same unfortunate Circumstances, I think I should not trouble either House of Parliament with a Defence of my own Conduct, let the Punishment appointed for me be what it would; or incumber, with any Thing relating to myself, the Opposition to a Bill, that threatned the taking away the Gates and Guard of a Capital City, to lay it waste and open, and to reduce it to the Condition of a Country Village. Dismal Consequences! As they are justly called by Sir Robert Sawyer, in the opening of



of his Argument against the City of London.

Two great Ends of Magistracy are, the protecting of the Innocent, and deterring of Evil-doers: But when a black Note is set upon Magistracy itself, and a City is branded with a Mark of perpetual Infamy; does it not tend greatly to lessen the Terror of Evil-doers, when they behold their Judges under the same Character of punished Criminals, which ought to be a Dread to themselves? How can the innocent Inhabitants of a populous City be defended, when they are stripped of their Fence, and laid as open as the Fields? When their Guard is taken away, and they are left open to the Insults of every ill-disposed Night-walker!

That the Citizens and Inhabitants of *Edinburgh* have been guilty of the late Disorders, is hard to say; because, if any of them are innocent, such a Censure will involve the Innocent in the Punishment of the Guilty. In the Case of the late Riot, above 100 Persons are fled from Justice. These Fugitives, one would think, are very proper Objects of a Bill of Pains and Penalties. And there are numerous Precedents that would justify the making a Law, for appointing *them* a Day to surrender themselves, and in default of their Appearance, for punishing them with Banishment, &c. But to let these escape, and, in their stead, to punish the innocent Inhabitants, who are already supposed to be too great Sufferers from the Remissness of their Magistrates, is very hard. And such Punishments fall the heaviest upon the Innocent and the Virtuous; for good Men are always the most affected, with any Thing that tends to hurt the Welfare of the Publick.

Some Precedents have been brought to justify the Proceeding; but not one that I can hear of that comes up to the Case. The Defence and Watch of Towns has always been preserved intire to them; and whatever Seizures

have been made of their Franchises, they have generally been restored after a very short Time. But this Punishment is to be perpetual: Nor is it to be left in his Majesty's Power to restore them either their Gates or their Guard.

A The *Scots* had great Reason to hope that the Privileges of their Royal Burghs should remain intire, notwithstanding their submitting all their Rights to the Power of a *British* Parliament: They having expressly stipulated, *that such Rights should remain intire after the Union, and notwithstanding thereof*, Art. 21. It is indeed argued, that this Article extends not to the several Rights of the Individual Burghs, but should be restrained to their common Rights as a Body. This is not a very liberal Construction: The Words are very capable of one more generous. Such a Stipulation, where so great a Confidence is reposed, ought not to be confined to the most restrained Construction.

C It is also said, that the Parliament may vary the Articles of the *Union*, even such as are not declared to be alterable by the Parliament of *Great Britain*. Undoubtedly they may; they are themselves the only Guarantees of their own Treaty. But that they never will do it without great Necessity, any more than they will violate the Publick Faith in any other Instance, where they have given it, I believe, I may venture to assert.

E F It is further urged, that all the Privileges of these Boroughs are liable to Judgment of Forfeiture in Course of Law, and consequently, must be subject to the Disposal of the Legislature. That they are left subject to the Jurisdiction of the Courts of Law as they were before, is evident from the Words of the Article; but that the Legislative Power should not interpose against them, seems to be the very Thing stipulated.

It

It has been declared with great Justice and Impartiality, in the Name of the Patrons of this Bill, that they would promote a Bill of the same Nature against any Town in the united Kingdom in the like Case. As therefore this Bill will undoubtedly stand as a Precedent with Regard to *London*, whenever the Behaviour of the Citizens may require such a Proceeding; I shall crave a little more of your Patience. I chuse to name *London*, because *London* and *Edinburgh* are the only Towns in the Kingdom, that I know of, that enjoy, what they call a Royal Privilege, the Immunity of quartering Soldiers. And if we consider some late Instances of the Behaviour of the Citizens, we must own, that it is owing, as much to the Lenity of the Government, as to the Conduct of the City, that they are not made the first Instance of a Bill of this Nature. Let us suppose then, in Representation of some future Riot, that the Gates of *London*, next to such Part of the Suburbs as the greatest Number of Soldiers are usually quartered in, are order'd by Act of Parliament to be taken away, and the Communication directed to be kept open at all Times, as well by Night as by Day. In such case the Benefit accruing to the Publick upon all Occasions, by the Interposition of the Military, in Default of the Civil Magistrate, may be very great. But, with humble Submission, I should think, the Bill might need some Amendments. It would be well that the People were particularly instructed, what Deference they were to pay to his Majesty's Troops upon every Emergency. For otherwise, when the Troops are entered the City, some Persons, ignorant of the Intention of the Law, might, thro' Inadvertency, retire to their Houses, and shut their own Doors against the Soldiers, tho' they are not permitted to shut their City Gates; and thereby incur the Guilt, of obstructing the

wife and prudent Measures, that might be concerted by the Officers, for securing the Rights, and preserving the Peace and Liberty of the Town.

I have but one Observation more to trouble you with: And that is, That his Majesty's Royal Progenitors, Kings of *England* and *Scotland*, have been pleased to adorn the two Capital Cities with many and ample Privileges, and imagined that in so doing they reflected an Honour to the Crown. The Liberties of the People are undoubtedly the true Ornaments of the Royal Diadem. Let the Projectors of this Scheme then, who propose the laying open the Walls of a Capital and Royal City, and thereby pointing out the Inhabitants as the Care of the Army, and the Contempt of their Neighbours, consider, whether by such Measures they do not greatly injure his Majesty, and eclipse the Lustre of his Crown.

May 14.

Yours, &c.

1737.

HENOTICUS.

*Weekly Miscellany*, May 20. N<sup>o</sup> 230.

To the Author of LEONIDAS.

S I R,

AFTER my two former Letters, (p. 238) I'm afraid you'll not be over fond of a Correspondence. The real Motives which engaged me in these Remarks, were, *first*, the exorbitant Price of your Book. It will undoubtedly be a lasting Honour to the present Age, that it rewarded Mr. Pope's Merit with Independence, Affluence and Splendour; as it is the indelible Infamy of a former, that poor *Milton* got but 15*l*. for his *Paradise Lost*. But for a young Author, in almost his first Attempt, to value his Works equal to, nay ev'n above Mr. Pope's, is a Presumption that ought not to escape publick Censure. In order to impose upon us more effectually, the Imprudence of your Friends



Friends, (for it certainly is not chargeable upon you) had *put* the Poem both before and after the Publication, so much beyond all Bounds of Truth and Decency, that nothing less than the Fame of *Milton, Virgil, and Homer*, must fall a Sacrifice to yours. Here was another Motive of Resentment. In the next Place, The Honour of the Nation is concern'd. What a Figure must we make among Foreigners of Learning, when, instead of *Spenser, Shakespear, Milton, Dryden, Otway, Pope, Leonidas* is put into their Hands as the best Poem that *England* has produced? Your *Puffers*, not content with enhancing your real Beauties, have bestowed their highest Encomiums upon your greatest Faults; the *flat, dispirited, prosaical* Diction, which disgraces the very Name of Poetry, is entitled by them *Correctness, Perspicuity, Easiness, Common-Sense*. If this be established, the true, bold, nervous *Oriental, Grecian, Roman, British* Genius will degenerate into the *insipid Purity* of a Neighbouring Nation, and we may become very pretty poetical *Petit Maitres*.

For my Part, I have much wondered, what could induce so many Men of Letters to expose their Judgments so monstrously as they have done on this Occasion. Some say, 'tis *Party*; but I profess the Book appears to me perfectly *Inoffensive*. I rather therefore believe it a *Similitude* of *Genius* in some: In others, Sir, it may arise from some personal known good Qualities in yourself. This Consideration would have prevented that Air of Banter and Ridicule which appear in my former Letters, had not the vast Applauses given to *Leonidas*, when I first had Thoughts of writing against it, rendered any other Method of Opposition impracticable, and that ill-judg'd, absurd Puff in *Common Sense* given you a strong Title to it. The

Sneer is meant more against that Letter-Writer than you.

I dare say, I should have more Readers should I proceed in Banter. But the chief Reason, Sir, why I quit it, is, to have the Satisfaction of displaying your Beauties as well as Faults. You'll think, I believe, the Contempt express'd in my former Letters inconsistent with any Degree of Esteem for you; but you'll please to observe, that tho' I hold you exceedingly cheap in comparison of *Homer, Virgil, Shakespear, Milton, Pope, &c.* Nay tho' I think your Fame as a Poet not a very long lived one, unless you greatly improve its Constitution; yet with Regard to myself and the vulgar Run of Mankind, who were none of us ever so much as *born* to Fame at all, but are and always shall be in a State of perfect Nonexistence, I own your Superiority; and subscribe myself,

Your frequent Admirer, and

Unknown bumble Servant,

PHILOMUSAEUS.

§. Continuation of the Remarks on  
LEONIDAS.

The Generality have either no Idea at all, or a very lax one of Poetry itself, and till we can agree upon that, we shall certainly not agree whether *Leonidas* be such or no. And here we find but little Satisfaction from the *positive Definitions* of Poetry given by either the ancient or modern Critics. We may perhaps with much less Difficulty, describe it *negatively*, that is, shew what is not Poetry; and this will be sufficient for a Comment on a Work, whose grand Fault will appear, I believe, to be the Want of it.

First then; A Man must have a very low Idea of Poetry, who thinks it to consist in *Metre* alone; or which is the same Thing, that *Common Sense* put into *Metre* will become Poetry.

Neither, 2dly, Is a well chose History, interspersed with Variety of  
K k moving

moving Incidents sufficient to raise *Metre* into Poetry. I have heard Men of Sense much out in this Particular, who have thought, that whatever in *Metre* affected their Passions and engaged their Attention, must of course be good Poetry. But a tolerably well writ Novel will do this as well or better than the best Poem in the World.

Thirdly, Neither will even great Sentiments joined with the Allurements of History and the Harmony of *Metre* denominate the Poet. If they would; Poetry would differ in nothing but the *Metre* from History and Oratory, whereas the sublimest and most truly poetical Expressions would be quite absurd in those Sciences. In short, Poetry has a Manner and Style peculiar to itself. Things senseless and inanimate are endued with all the Passions of Life. The Spear thirsts, and the Sword is satiate and made drunk with Blood. Virtues, Vices, &c. are rendered corporeal and visible. All the Compass of Nature, all Arts and Sciences, all Customs, antient or modern, must furnish Materials for the Diction alone, where-ever the Idea can be strengthened by an Allusion to any of them. As from Agriculture in the Psalms, *The Ploughers ploughed upon my Back, and made long their Furrows.* Or from Weights and Measures in *Isaiah. Who hath measured the Waters in the Hollow of his Hand, and meted out the Heavens with a Span, and comprehended the Dust of the Earth in a Measure, and weigh'd the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Balance?* Or from natural Images as in *Job; My Root was spread out by the Waters, and the Dew lay all Night upon my Branch.* I have quoted these Passages to shew that *Metre* is so far from being the Whole of Poetry, that it is not ev'n essential to it. Horace is the first, I believe, who directs to divest Poetry of its *Metre*, in order to try whether it be Sterling or no: I shall therefore put *Leonidas*

into the Furnace, and see whether the Gold that remains after the Trial will weigh down the Half-guinea we pay'd for it.

*Leonidas, B. 1. L. 1.] 'O Muse! Rehearse the Deeds and the glorious Death of that fam'd Spartan, who near Thermopylae, withstood Xerxes's Power and fell to save his Country. When the Persian King had pass'd the Hellespont from the Coast of Asia, with half the Globe that was then peopled, and his boundless Camp was now spread in Thrace, &c.'*

B Besides the prosaical Flatness of the Diction, the Method of this Introduction is quite poor and unpoetical; to begin with an Invocation to the Muse, and then drop into an historical Narration with a *when Xerxes had pass'd the Hellespont*; is like a Man, who pretending to dance a Minuet, should set out with a *Coupee*, and immediately fall into a common Walk. The epick Poets not only with a noble Enthusiasm, immediately shew the Effects of the Inspiration they pray for, but as Mr. Pope observes from *Eusebius*, they actually vanish from our View. The Muse herself catches the Narration, and relates the whole. As *Milton* has both imitated and equalled *Homer*, and perhaps excelled *Virgil* in this particular, a Quotation from him alone will be sufficient.

—— Say first what cause

Mov'd our grand parents, &c.

Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?

The Muse herself answers,

*Tb' infernal serpent! he it was, whose guile*

*Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd*

*The mother of mankind; what time his pride*

*Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host*

*Of rebel angels: by whose aid aspiring*

*To set himself in glor' above his peers,*

*He trusted to have equal'd the most High*

*If he oppos'd, and with ambitious aim*

*Against the throne and monarchy of God*

*Rais'd impious war in heav'n, and battle proud*

*With vain attempt. Him the almighty pow'r*

*Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,*

*With hideous ruin and combustion down*

*To bottomless perdition: there to dwell*

*In adamantine chains and penal fire.*

How



How are we at once wrapt into the Subject of the Poem! The Plainness of the Language, in the three or four first Lines of the Narration, only serves as a Shade to the strong Light of those that follow. His Fancy, as Mr. Pope observes of Homer, is every where vigorous, but is not discovered immediately at the Beginning of his Poem in its fullest Splendor; it grows in the Progress upon himself and others, and becomes on fire like a Chariot-Wheel by its own Rapidity.

Daily Gazetteer, May 21. N<sup>o</sup> 596.

To the Author of Common Sense, &c.

S I R, May 16, 1737.

THO' it has been thought, that there are several Writers of *Common Sense*, divided into *Political*, *Epick*, and *Miscellaneous*; yet as you have not thought proper to be distinguished, a Correspondent can only separate you in his Mind: I therefore take this Opportunity to declare, that it is not to the *Epick*, or *Patron* of *Leonidas*, who has entred himself an *Idiot* upon Record; nor to the *Miscellaneous*, or *Treater* upon *general Heads*, with whom, indeed, as a Man not only of Common but Fine Sense, I should chuse to converse; but to the *political Sneerer*, to whom I address this Letter.

You seem surprized that our Ancestors, in the Times of our *Edwards* and *Henrys*, should have so little *Politics*, as to spill their Blood and Treasure to conquer a Kingdom for their Prince, that must make *their own Country* a Province to it. You might with more Reason be surprized, that every Age should have a particular *Genius* or *Character* of its own, than at the Effects of such a *Character*! *Heroism* and *martial Spirit* was the *Common Sense* of those Days; the *Politics*, the *Ultimatum*, of *Princes*, *Ministers*, and *People's Views*.

But to shew that this was not absolutely a *Romantick Heroism*, a *Quixotism* of Bravery, but the *soundest Politics* that could be pursued then, I shall lay down as a Fact deducible from History, that this *Spirit of Conquest* not being confined to our *English Princes*, but almost universal, in those Days, it was quite owing to the *manifested Superiority* of the *English Valour*, in the very Heart of *France*, that *England* did not become a *Province* to the other by *Conquest*.

B Had *England* set down contented with maintaining the Balance within itself, between Power and Liberty, and no ways concerned itself abroad, it had sunk into Remissness, Luxury, and Effeminacy; and become an easy Conquest to the first warlike Prince on the Continent; which the constant exercising them in offensive Acts abroad prevented. This, our wiser and braver *Edwards* and *Henrys*, saw, and the *Character* of the Age favouring the Disposition necessary to be inculcated in the People, the *English Youth* were trained up in habitual Notions of Conquest against *France*.

It will result then from this short Apology for our *Edwards* and *Henrys* that *Politics* must be different in one Age, from what it would be in another. *France* was constantly stirring up the *Scotch*, as well as acting overtly herself against *England*; and without, as I observed before, the spirited Bravery of the *English*, would have made this latter a *Pais Conquis*: So that the Difference between *conquering France*, and being *conquer'd* by her, was as great as that between *Liberty* and *Slavery*. And to shew the Falsity of your Observation still more, after *Henry V.* had conquer'd *France*, *Paris* was so far from being the Seat of Empire, that the whole Kingdom was governed, for many Years, by a Regent from *England*; while the Prince made *England* his constant Residence. (See p. 244.)

Fog's Journal, May. 21. N<sup>o</sup> 444.

*Of the English Laws, Lawyers, and Debtors.*

**T**HE *English* Manner of administering Justice (*says a foreign Author*) is, in itself, wise, prudent, and worthy the Imitation of all Mankind. When any Proposal made to the Legislature is judged beneficial to the State, they forthwith pass it into a Law; and, while it continues unrepealed, follow it exactly, according to the Letter: But if, by the Consequences, they find it hurtful, they seek not to elude it by vain Explanations, but annul it at once. So wise and provident, in this important Matter, are these Islanders, that, thro' Fear of leaving their Judges at Liberty to follow their own Caprices, they are so far from admitting either them, or any other Magistrates, to the least Share of Despotism, that they suffer even their Kings to be only the Law's Protectors, not its Tyrants.

But tho' *England* is, in this and some other Respects, happier than most Nations, yet are its People, thro' the horrible Abuse of diverse wholesome Laws and Ordinances, more miserably oppressed, than any other People upon Earth. The most notorious among their crying Grievances (whereof the true Source is, the enormous Multitude of Lawyers, with their shameful Impunity, against whose Knaveries, nay glaring Villanies, there is no Remedy, but what is worse than the Disease) is the deplorable State of Debtors, which is here incomparably worse than in any other Country on the Face of the Globe: And not merely such as actually are Debtors, but even those who are either fraudulently or maliciously charged with being so; and this lamentable Grievance proceeds from the too great Lenity in correcting what truly merits the most rigorous

Punishments, I mean Perjury, or giving false Evidence, and from the overgreat Facility of finding subtil, greedy Attorneys who will readily undertake, for Lucre, to defend the unjustest Causes, and daringly affirm, in the Face of Justice, White to be Black, and Black White. How abundantly better and juster is that general Usage, practised in *Turkey*, and all *Mohammedan* Countries, (where they have no Lawyers nor Court-Fees to pay, but Plaintiffs and Defendants plead their own Causes, or get Friends to do it) where they admit not as Evidences any who, if called upon, cannot produce Persons of known Credit to give them a Character, and where whosoever asserts a Falsity before a *Cadbi*, or any other Magistrate, is sure of a substantial Drubbing, on the very Spot, and is also soundly fined, if in Circumstances so to do? Here, a Person charged with a Debt, real or pretended, just or unjust, is arrested by insidious Varlets, who go about their iniquitous Occupation in all Disguises. They seldom go single, but there is at least a Pair of them; one a Sweetener, the other a Sourer, Oil and Vinegar, Rough and Smooth. Except the Prisoner insists on going instantly to Jail (which many dread worse than Death, from the Horror of the dismal Abode, where, if low in Cash, they must herd with Felons, or worse) they drag him to a Spunging-House, where if he will not, or cannot comply with all the extortionate Demands made upon him, while he is negotiating his Affair, he is perpetually bullied and threaten'd with the loathed Jail, and this to all the Unfortunate indiscriminately. If the Party bails himself out, and chuses to stand Trial at Law (which it is Lawyers Business always to promote) then the Attornies on both Sides go to work ding-dong, and, whosoever gets the Better, are sure to be the Gainers.

I was mightily delighted with the Whim



Whim I was shewed on a Sign at a Village not far from this Capital; tho' it is too serious a Truth to excite one's Risibility. On one Side is painted a Man, stark naked, with this Motto; *I am the Man who went to Law, and lost my Cause.* On the Reverse is a Fellow, all in Tatters, looking most dismally, and this Motto, *I am the Man who went to Law, and got my Cause.* This brings to my Mind a Passage reported of their Scottish King, James I, who, soon after his Accession to the English Throne, would needs be present in Court while a notable Cause was pleading. Those on the Plaintiff's Side having finished what they had to say, it proved so much to the King's Satisfaction, that he cried out, 'Tis a plain Case, and was going: When some Body say'd to him, *Please to stay, Sir, and hear t'other Side.* He did so; and the Defendant's Party made their Case no less plain to his Majesty's Conception: Whereupon the Monarch departed in a Passion, crying, *Rogues all! Rogues all!* The late renowned Czar, Peter the Great, being in England, in Term Time, and seeing Multitudes swarming about the Great Hall wherein are held the three superior Courts of Judicature, is reported to have asked some about him, *Who all those busy People were, and what they were about?* Being answered, *They are Lawyers, Sir.* — Lawyers! returned he, *why, I have but two in my whole Dominions, and I design to hang one of them the Moment I get home!*

But I would not be misunderstood so far as to have you imagine, that all of this Profession are intitled to these severe Censures. No; there are certainly, among that learned and numerous Body, Gentlemen of exemplary Worth and Probity, Men of Figure and Fortune, who would scorn to soil their Hands with dirty Work. Nevertheless, at least nine in

ten might be extremely well spared; and Pity it is they are not obliged to betake themselves to other Callings.

Common Sense, May 21. N<sup>o</sup> 16.

A To the Author of the Gazetteer of May 7.

S I R,

THO' the Paper you have attacked me in be so little read, that should you print a Libel in it, you could scarce be said to have published it; yet, as you style yourself an *Adventurer in Politicks*, and as I know a certain Person whom that Appellation will exactly fit, I shall take a little Notice of what you have advanced. This I undertake, not with Regard of what is written, but out of Respect to the Person whom I suppose the Author. And here, if I should happen to mistake you, I hope I shall not offend: For my Lord Shaftsbury well observes, that a judicious Beggar, when he addresses himself to a Coach, always supposeth that there is a Lord in it; seeing, that should there be no Lord there, a private Gentleman will never be offended by the Title.

You set out, Sir, with a pretty Panegyrick on the Lenity of the Administration, whence you draw this Conclusion, that it is ungenerous to attack it, because it will not crush you for so doing. *To abuse the Lenity of Power, when Men know it will not hurt them* (say you) *is like talking Obscenity to a Woman who will not defend herself, and must hear it.* The Comparison between the Attack of a Ministry, and that of a Woman, might afford some pleasant Remarks; I shall only say, I suppose you do not mean an old Woman, seeing, that to talk a little smuttily to such, would be no great Insult, if the common Saying be true, which however I do not believe, that all old Women love B——y.

You are pleased to say, Sir, that

no Argument whatever can be alledged to support the bringing of Politicks on the Stage. If you mean by Politicks, those Secrets of Government which, like the *Mysteries* of the *Bona Dea*, are improper to be beheld by vulgar Eyes, such as secret Service, &c. I must answer, your Caution is unnecessary, at least to me, who cannot expose to others, what I have not found out myself. But if by your Politicks, you mean a general Corruption, I cannot think such Politicks too sacred to be exposed. But *Pasquin* was not (as you insinuate) the first Introducer of Things of this Kind; we have several Political Plays now extant: And had you ever read *Aristophanes*, you would know that the gravest Matters have been try'd this Way. A Method which a great Writer (I think Mr. Bayle) seems to approve; where he represents Ridicule as a Kind of fiery Trial, by which Truth is most certainly discovered from Imposture. Indeed, I believe, there are no Instances of bringing Politicks on the Stage in those neighbouring Nations where, you say, that we may see disguised Informers in almost every publick Place, with blank Lettres de Cachet, ready to fill up with the Names of such as dare barely inquire, in a Manner different from the Sense of the Court, into the State of Affairs, and a Bastile always open to receive them: Nor where you tell us, that a holy Inquisition, and the Gallies, offer their Service to the State, as well as to Religion.

But pray, Sir, what do you intend by mentioning these? I hope not to threaten us, nor to insinuate that any Thing will make it necessary to introduce such damned Engines of Tyranny among us.

The *Historical Register*, and *Eurydice* his'd, being now publish'd, shall answer for themselves against what you say concerning them; but as you

assert, that I have insinuated that all Government is a *Farce*, and perhaps a damn'd one too, I shall quote the Lines on which you ground your Assertion; and, I hope, then you will be so good as to retract it.

A — Woolsey's self, that mighty minister,  
In the full height and zenith of his power,  
Amid a crowd of sycophants and slaves,  
Was but (perhaps) the author of a farce,  
Perhaps, a damn'd one too.

I am far from asserting that all Government is a *Farce*, but I affirm that however the very Name of Power may frighten the Vulgar, it will never be honoured by the Philosopher, or the Man of Sense, unless accompany'd with Dignity. On the contrary, nothing can be more Burlesque than Greatness in mean Hands. Mr. Penkethman never was so ridiculous a Figure, as when he became \* *Penkethman the Great*. Ridicule, like *Ward's Pill*, passes innocently thro' a sound Constitution; but when it meets with a Complication of foul Distempers in a gross corrupt Carcase, it is apt to give a terrible Shock, to work the poor Patient most immoderately; in the Course of which Working, it is ten to one but he bes—ts his Breeches. I am, &c.

PASQUIN.

§. Another Writer in this Paper, mentions the Inconveniences arising from the Want of publick Registers for Estates in almost all the Counties in England.

But the Consequences to the Publick (says he) are still worse, for by this Means a necessitous Man, and a bad Economist, by the Reputation of a larger Estate than he has, and an Expence proportion'd to his reputed Estate, often keeps up an Interest in the Country, in order to gain a Seat in Parliament, and by that Means retrieve his Affairs, or, at least, shelter himself from his Creditors; this Expence renders him still more neces-

\* In the Burlesque of Alexander.



fitous, and more easy to be corrupted; and if he succeeds by it, as is most likely he will, for few rich Men, with no other View than to serve the Publick, will out-spend a Man of this Character; the Publick is like to be faithfully serv'd by a Man whose bad Economy has ruin'd his own Estate, and render'd him liable to be corrupted by those who can pay him best for his Vote and Interest. By a Law now in being, every Member of Parliament must be qualify'd by an Estate of 300*l.* per Annum, Free-hold or Copy-hold, for his own Life, or by some greater Estate, either in Law or Equity, to and for his own Use and Benefit, of or in Lands, Tenements, or Hereditaments, over and above what will satisfy and clear all Incumbrances that may affect the same, lying or being in Great Britain, Wales, or Berwick upon Tweed; or by being Heir apparent to a Lord of Parliament, or a Person qualify'd to be a Knight of a Shire, who must have an Estate of the like Kind of 600*l.* per Annum, excepting such as are chosen by the Universities.

By this Law, it is plain the Legislature intended that Members of Parliament should be chosen out of such as were Persons of undoubted Property of the most durable Kind, which might deeply interest them in the publick Weal; to which this Method of publick Registers would add greater Certainty, and prevent those Collusions which are with too much Reason suspected.

Craftsman, May 28. N<sup>o</sup> 569.

To CALEB D'ANVERS, Esq;

S I R,

ABOUT two Years ago, I sent you some Remarks on a Bill, for the better Regulation of Play-houses; which seem'd calculated to destroy a numerous Body of Men, call'd Strollers, both theatrical and political; between whom I drew a short Parallel, and endeavour'd to do Justice to a certain eminent Stroller, who hath done his Country as much

Service in the Cabinet, as the Duke of Marlborough did in the Field. I therefore propos'd that the old Treaty-House at Uxbridge, with a competent Estate about it, should be bought and rebuilt, at the publick Expence, like the Castle of Blenheim, and settled by Parliament upon him and his Posterity forever. Though this Scheme hath not yet taken Effect, I have often consider'd of a proper Statue to be erected in the Garden, or Front of the House, for the Honour of this great Man.

I had some Thoughts of having him exalted in the Attitude of Cicero speaking; but was oblig'd to lay aside that Design, because it would look too much like purloining from his Brother, who is already set up in that Posture, at his Country Palace, enveloped with large flowing Robes, which intirely hide his goodly Port, and shew nothing of the Orator but in the Easiness of the Garment.

I then thought of exhibiting him to the Publick, under the Figure of Mercury, the God of Trade, with Basso Relievo's on the Pedestals, representing the Introduction of Don Carlos into Italy on one Side, and the Restitution of our Ships taken by the Spaniards, on another. The Spithead Expedition, and the Honour of the British Flag, were to have fill'd up the other two. But as I have long waited for the Effects of our Negotiations with Spain, which were to have been the Subject of my second Basso Relievo, I do not think proper to pursue that Design any farther. Besides, Mercury ought to be a clean, nimble-body'd Fellow, with Wings to his Head, as well as his Heels; by which the Malicious might object that I intended to denote his Lightness of Head, as well as of Foot. Besides, he must have the Caduceus in his Hand, by which he lull'd People asleep, or stupify'd them in such a Manner, that they did not know he had pick'd their Pockets; tho' he commonly carry'd a Bag in his Hand, as a Mark of the best Part of his Employment.

Whilst I was under these Difficulties, I had the Satisfaction of reading some pious and eloquent Addresses, particularly from the Assembly in Scotland and the City of York, upon a late happy Occasion; in which they return'd his Majesty Thanks, at the same Time, for giving them Peace and Plenty; which alludes, no Doubt, to the Effects of our late wise Negotiations; and every Body knows to whom we are oblig'd, upon that Account. I have therefore some Thoughts of displaying him in the Habit of a Roman Emperor, scattering Peace and Plenty over the World.

What particularly spurr'd me on to this Undertaking, was the ill Treatment, my Hon. Friend hath lately received from several Authors; (and I wish you was not one of the Number) who have not only us'd him very scurvily, but wounded the noble Profession of Ambassa-

*Ambassadorship* and *Negotiation* thro' his Sides. They began this Outrage in *Pamphlets*, *Poems*, *Journals*, and other *Libels*; but have since prostituted the *Stage* to the same infamous Purpose, and made him the Laughing-stock of crowded Audiences, for several Weeks together. Nay, they proceeded so far at last, that a *Farce* was actually in Rehearsal, at one of our Theatres, in which the same excellent Person was to have been introduced upon the Stage, as we are inform'd, with a *Pair of Scales* in one Hand, to scandalize his Office, and *lugging up his Breeches* with the other, to reflect upon his *Politeness*. But this abominable Design was happily discover'd by the Vigilance of another great Personage, nearly related to him, who hath not only prevented the Execution of it, but is determined to take ample Vengeance upon all such audacious Authors and Players, by putting an effectual Restraint upon the Stage.

We had some Intimations of such a Design, in one of the *Gazetteers*, a Week or two ago; but it is now publickly declared, and we are told in all the News-Papers, ' that a Bill is order'd into Parliament, for suppressing the great Number of Playhouses, or Players of Interludes, so justly complain'd of; by which no Persons will be allow'd, for the future, to act any Play, &c. without first obtaining a Licence from the Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, for the Time being; and all Persons acting without such a Licence are to be deem'd Vagrants, and punish'd as such, according to the Act of the 12th of Q. Anne.

This, I say, will effectually keep the Stage within due Bounds, and remedy the Evil, so justly complain'd of; for it is not to be supposed that so great and near an Officer of the Crown, who is to have the absolute Power of licensing Playhouses, will ever suffer any Thing to be brought upon the Stage, which is not intirely agreeable to the Court; much less such obnoxious Performances as the *Beggar's Opera*, *Paquin*, the *Historical Register*, and other Pieces of the like Kind.

I am sensible that the Patrons of the Stage, who include most People of Wit and Taste, as well as Multitudes of good Sense and exemplary Virtue, may start several plausible Objections against such a Law, and represent it as an Infringement of British Liberty.

They will observe, perhaps, that one of the great and original Ends of dramatical Entertainments was to expose Vice and Folly, in all Ranks of People; especially those, whose Riches or Power put them out of the Reach and Cognizance of the Law; that the chief Characters of Tragedy are drawn from the History of ambitious Princes, who endeavour'd to make themselves absolute; or of weak ones, who have been ruin'd by wicked Ministers and Favourites; nay, that even our best and most

celebrated modern Comedies consist, in a great Measure, of what is call'd the upper Walk; that is, in ridiculing the Vices and Foibles of People in high Life. From whence it may be inferr'd that to restrain the Stage, in this Particular, would be encouraging publick Vice, by taking off this Check upon it, and discountenancing publick Virtue, at the same Time.

It may likewise be said, that the Liberty of lashing wicked Men, in Power, was always allow'd under wise and free Governments, particularly those of Greece and Rome; where the biggest Magistrates were obliged to submit to this publick Censure of their Actions; and it was never taken away in England, since the first Institution of the Stage, excepting the Times of the civil War and Cromwell's Usurpation. But it revived at the Restoration of K. Charles II. and the Plays of those Times abound with the sharpest Reflections upon Princes and Ministers; even those of Dryden himself, whilst he was *Poet-Laureat*, and a strenuous Advocate for the Court. It may therefore be ask'd, what a good Government, such as the present, can possibly apprehend from the Continuance of this Privilege; or whether laying it under a much greater Restraint than was ever attempted before, may not give Room to some injurious Reflections, and be compar'd, in some Measure, to putting the Press under the same Restraint of a Licensor.

To this it may be farther added, that if two or three dramattick Writers have extended this Privilege too far, or even to a Degree of Licentiousness; it is not reasonable that all of them should suffer for their Fault; or that the Theatre should be made a meer Tool of the Court, by the Abolition of Patents, which have been declared legal, and converting them into temporary Licenses, during Pleasure. The Lord Chamberlain hath already a Power of prohibiting all offensive Plays, and of interdicting the Players, when they transgress their Bounds. At least, he assumes to himself the Exercise of such a Power, whether strictly legal or not; as we formerly saw in the Case of Sir Richard Steele, and since in that of an old Play, call'd the *Fall of Mortimer*, and the second Part of the *Beggar's Opera*. What Occasion therefore is there for the Legislature to interpose in this Case; or to put all dramattick Writers and Entertainments, however innocent and useful, under the absolute Power of an Officer of the Crown? Indeed, were we sure of being always blest with a Chamberlain, of the same impartial Spirit and excellent Judgment as the present, to superintend and govern the Stage, we need be under no Apprehensions from such a Power being lodged in his Hands. But as all Men are mortal, and God only knows who may succeed him, at some Time hereafter, it may be thought a dangerous Trust, and capable of being turn'd to very bad Uses.

Lastly,



Lastly, it may be judged a little hard to lay all Wit and polite Learning, of the dramattick Kind, under such a Discouragement, for the Sake only of one or two Men, who have render'd themselves the Objects of it; especially as no other Reasons have been yet given for it than what are founded upon an *obscure Piece*, which was never exhibited upon the Stage, and pretended to be suppress'd; so that it may have been written on Purpose, for ought we know, and with such a particular Design. But whether it was so or not, it will be said, no doubt, that the Stage ought not to be subjected to an *Imprimatur*, upon such a frivolous Account.

I will own to you very freely, Mr. D'Anvers, that I formerly reason'd in this Manner myself, particularly when I wrote my last Letter to you, and I wish that nothing had since alter'd my Opinion; but *desperate Diseases* require *desperate Remedies*, and I am afraid there is no other, in the present Case, but *Amputation*; for we have now a much greater Authority than *Ovid's*, that

— *immedicabile Vulnus*  
*Ense rescindendum.*

I am, SIR, &c.

Common Sense, May 28. N<sup>o</sup> 17.

*A new Plan of Government for the Corsicans.*

IF I were a Corsican, I should certainly be a Rebel; that is, I should hazard my Life and Estate to recover my Liberty. But if after all I must submit to be a Slave, I would be a Slave to Baron Newboff, or even to a Russian Bojar, rather than to my old Task-Masters of Genoa.

The Corsican Chiefs, if they would be advised by me, should form the Plan of their future Government even while their Affairs are low, and the Event uncertain. Were I to preside in the Direction of this Affair, I would not make Choice of any Form of Government which is now administred in the World. A King, indeed, I would have, and a King with a Crown on his Head, and a Scepter in his Hand; to whom should be given the Title of Royal, or Imperial Majesty. But my King should not be a Tyrant. He should be even incapable of committing any Acts of Violence, or Oppression. He should be entirely free from Pride, Lust, Avarice, and Ambition. In a Word, I would have such a King as *Jupiter* first gave to the Frogs; who, by the Way, possessed his Empire by Divine Right. However, I would not have a plain unfashioned Log. My Prince should be made of the Heart of Oak, and wrought into the Shape and Figure of a Man by the most skilful Artists in Europe.

To speak intelligibly, I would have an Image or Statue as big as the Life, well shaped,

and finely painted; with a Diadem on his Head, a royal Mantle on his Shoulders, and a Scepter in his Right Hand. He should be placed under a rich Canopy, and seated on a magnificent Throne. A Guard of an Hundred Halberdeers should be appointed to attend him, not so much for the Security of his Person, as to serve for Pomp and Shew at the Audience of Ambassadors. His Subjects of all Degrees and Orders should approach him with the greatest Reverence. Those who were introduced to him for a Confirmation of their Privileges and Employments, should be obliged to prostrate themselves, and kiss the Hem of his Garment. No Person should presume to sit, or spit, or cough, or be covered in his Presence; unless it might hereafter be thought proper, as a Reward for great Merit and Services, to create a Class of *Grandeets*.

If any Person should propose in Writing, or Conversation, to abolish the present Form of Government, by deposing his wooden Majesty, and substituting in his stead a Monarch of Flesh and Blood, whether Man, Woman, or Beast, the Offender shall be guilty of high Treason.

I prefer the Oak to all other Timber, on account of its Duration; and because that Tree, considered only as a simple Vegetable, bears some Analogy to a Crown'd Head; it having been held sacred in all Countries and Ages of the World. The ancient *Druids* paid a greater Veneration to the Oak, than to the most illustrious of the Sons of *Adam*. And even among us *Englishmen*, in a very inquisitive and polite Age, I mean about the middle of the last Century, this Tree obtained the Title of *Royal*. The *Greeks* and *Romans* had so great a Reverence for this Tree, as to imagine, that every Oak was the Habitation of a Divinity; and there was an Oaken Grove within one of the Gates of *Rome*, called, for that Reason, *Porta Querquetulana*; where all the Trees were worshipped as so many Nymphs and Goddesses.

I must submit it to the Consideration of the Corsican Senate, whether they will be at the Charge of a Queen. If they are inclin'd to marry their King for any political Reason, I propose they would marry him to the Corsican Sea, with the same Ceremonies as are observed when his Brother of *Venice* espouses the *Adriatick Gulf*.

Happy had it been for the World, if the long Catalogue of Roman Emperors (3 or 4 only excepted) had been of the Wooden Species! And they themselves think so now, if they are sensible in what Manner they are treated by Posterity.

Reason, which is the distinguishing Excellence of human Nature, can only prove a Blessing to those, whether Princes or private Persons, who are Men of Honour and Virtue. *Castalio's Letter is too particular to be inserted.*

## On the ASCENSION.

— — — — — *sic itur ad Astra.*

**H**ARK! how the flocks deplore their  
parting swain,  
While vocal hills repeat the mournful strain.  
The *Sylvan* shades with murmur'ing noise re-  
sound,  
And *Woodland* dales with doleful sighs abound.  
See bleating lambs with rav'nous beasts inclos'd,  
See thirsty flocks to sultry heats expos'd.  
On *Carmel's* top the hungry tyger roves,  
And seeks his prey in *Sbaron's* spicy groves.  
The greedy wolf the tender lamb pursues,  
And in his gore his gristly tusks imbrues.  
For why? alas! their guardian care is gone,  
And quits for better seats this earthly dome.

*Damon*, the loveliest youth e'er trod the  
plain,

The fairest he of all the shepherds train,  
Leaving his fleecy care, in bright array  
Aloft in fleeting air he wings his way.  
See how the lovely swain, advanc'd on high,  
With radiant splendour fills the azure sky.  
Ye heav'nly lights with brighter lustre shine,  
Confess him hallow'd, pow'rful and divine!  
Sink down ye skies, receive your welcome  
God,

And hail him joyful to his blest abode!  
Ye starry hosts, ye planets homage pay,  
Disperse ye clouds, ye rapid winds give way!  
Some equipage divine, some heavenly train,  
Aloft in air attend the pious swain.

Y' angelick hosts in thronging crouds advance,  
And fill with glitt'ring robes the wide expanse!  
Ye timbrels, pipes and trumpets sweetly play,  
And through the balmy air conduct his way.

Below a diff'rent scene! -- the gazing crowd,  
With mournful grief bewail their parting Lord!  
Nor future joy, nor hopes their grief allay,  
With deep regret they still their Lord survey.

While pleasing raptures fill the empty space,  
The poles submissive to their God give place.  
And now the bending skies receive him high,  
No further penetrates the piercing eye!  
No more the trembling clouds their God survey,  
While through each higher vault he wafts his  
way.

Lo! to the heav'n of heav'ns he now is gone  
And sits supreme on his seraphic throne.  
Both heav'n and earth his regal scepter sways,  
And heav'n and earth his holy word obeys.  
The praise of their Messiah rends the skies,  
While hymns on hymns incessantly arise.

I. M. B.

## The WISH.

**W**OU'D but indulgent fortune send  
To me a kind and faithful friend;  
One who to virtue's laws is true,  
And does her nicest rules pursue;  
One pious, lib'ral, just, and brave,  
And to his passions not a slave;

Who full of honour, void of pride;  
Will freely praise and freely chide;  
But not indulge the smallest fault,  
Nor entertain a slighting thought;  
Who still the same will ever prove,  
Will still instruct, and still will love;  
In whom I safely may confide,  
And with him all my cares divide;  
Who has a large capacious mind,  
Join'd with a knowledge unconfin'd;  
A reason bright, a judgment true,  
A wit both quick and solid too;  
Who can of all things talk with ease,  
And whose converse will ever please;  
Who charm'd with wit and inward graces,  
Despises fools with tempting faces,  
And still a beauteous mind does prize  
Above the most enchanting eyes:  
I wou'd not envy kings their state,  
Nor once desire a happier fate.

*New-Castle upon Tyne.*

PHILAXIOS.

To CELIA, at Birmingham.

**F**AIN would I sing! assist me, all ye *nines*;  
A task so great, requires a pen divine:  
Ye guardian powers, in bright array descend,  
And let *Apollo's* shining train attend;  
Support my muse in your protecting arms,  
To sing my *Celia's* soft, endearing charms.  
Her lovely looks, artless and unconfin'd,  
Point out superior beauties of the mind;  
Disclose the secrets of a soul at ease,  
Whose witty turns, have always power to  
please: [mien,  
Her beauteous shape, her dear enchanting  
Can ne'er be justly told, nor safely seen;  
Her sprightly wit, just thoughts, and ever  
new, [gers to!  
Have power to charm, — her sex are stran-  
Each look darts forth a soft superior grace,  
Which *Titian's* pencil never yet could trace:  
Peace, love, and friendship fill her glowing  
breast,

And steady virtue brightens all the rest.  
In vain the youth of longing hope partakes,  
Whilst every setting sun a conquest makes.  
Wild, blushing nature, stands amaz'd to see  
Unrival'd beauty center all in thee.  
*Celia!* my joys, my expectations crown,  
Leave shady groves, my dear! and bless the  
town.

When will my *Celia* at the ball appear?  
The court, the park, the play, all wish thee  
here. [ways,  
Thy beauties charm the soul ten thousand  
— But silent admiration best can praise.

EUGENIO.

To the W-*ish*-ful the *J*-*st*-ces of P-*e*,  
C-*m*-*ss*-ners for repairing the High-Ways,  
and other Gentlemen of the County of —,  
and to all others whom it may concern.

**T**O your W-*ish*-ps aforesaid, at your next  
general meeting, [greeting.  
A trav'ler from N-*w*-rk, thus humbly sends  
May



May your w-rsh-ps be d-m'd, or (for a still greater curse,) [cart-horse;  
 May you each be transform'd to a wretched  
 And b' eternally doom'd to travel these roads,  
 With a cart at your ar—e and on your backs  
 heavy loads; [your fate,  
 Be the devil your driver, constant whipping  
 No rest be allowed you to piss or to bait.  
 Let him ne'er spare his flogging, tho' your  
 w-rsh-ps should tire, [mire.  
 Or at each step lose a leg, in *Long B-l-l-m-n*  
 Still let him whip on, and shew you no mercy,  
 Tho' you'd all broken-winds, spavins, splin-  
 ters, and fercy, [due-work,  
 Or glanders or gripes; let him keep you to  
 From *N-w-rk* to *Gr-ntb-m*, and from  
*Gr-ntb-m* to *N-w-rk*. [o-m-ssion,  
 Then (too late) you'd lament, that while in  
 You left the high-ways in such cursed condi-  
 tion.  
 Then, a post horse, tho' tired, would post on  
 with good heart, [tugging a cart  
 When he saw your d-m'd w-rsh-ps, each  
 Stage coachmen and carmen, and carriers  
 too, [has his due,  
 Would cry with one voice, the de'el now  
 And would help him to drive such fine cat-  
 tle as you.  
 And travellers fatigued, mighty comfort would  
 take, [make:  
 By observing the figure your w-rsh-ps would  
 Tho' the roads were much worse, with plea-  
 sure I'd go,  
 To see you trot on to the devil's gae, ho.

*The Pump-room Bull. A SONG.*

THE fire of the gods, as old poets have sung,  
 Fell in love with an heifer both milk-  
 white and young; [odd is,  
 But still what more true, and likewise more  
 I sing how a bull fell in love with a goddess.

*Derry down, &c.*

This bull, as he was but an overgrown calf,  
 Came to *Bath* to be roasted — but first let us  
 laugh.

He call'd at the pump-room to visit the fair,  
 For those who wore horns he found might  
 come there. *Derry down, &c.*

A doctor starts up in a damnable fright,  
 Quoth the pumper, ne'er stir, fir, we're two —  
 let us fight;

As it is not the pope's bull, the doctor reply'd,  
 I'm not bound to bait him — ye dog stand aside.

*Derry down, &c.*

The ladies all screaming he left in the lurch,  
 He found 'twas high time to take care of the  
 church;

Then bequeathing the bull in his own stead a-  
 mong 'em; [one.

His short leg, 'tis said, ran away from his long  
*Derry down, &c.*

An *Oxonian*, who chanc'd to be drinking  
*ibidem,*

Cry'd out, master doctor, hol *siste per fidem*;  
 Quoth he, who is safest has reason to grin most,  
 I'll take care of one; so the de'el take the  
 hindmost. *Derry down, &c.*

Cry'd doctor *G-n-r*, in a tone most sonorous,  
 This bull is horn-mad, tho' the sun's not in  
*Taurus*;

As he's *Cb-yn-y*'s patient, and feeds upon grass,  
 If I don't do his business, d'ye see, I'm an ass,  
*Derry down, &c.*

Lady *Mary* our bull singled out from the rest,  
 For beauty can tame the most unruly beast;  
 Then respectfully stopp'd, and seem'd to ob-  
 serve her, [her.

As tho' he was proud, he was a bull to serve  
*Derry down, &c.*

But tho' our divine in this dreadful quandary,  
 Permitted the bull to attack lady *Mary*;  
 Yet, doctor, you still have great reason to fear,  
 That next when you meet, you'll be baited by  
 her. *Derry down, &c.*

But after all this, let me still crave the favour  
 To commend the bold doctor's courageous be-  
 haviour;  
 Since the hero, whom *Homer* took so much  
 delight in, [his fighting.

Was renown'd for his running, as much as  
*Derry down, &c.*

When the battle, quoth *Hudibras*, turns  
 to a chase,

'Tis he wins the day, who wins but the race;  
 Hence, doctor, the proof is substantial and full,  
 Tho' you did run away, that you still beat the  
 bull. *Derry down, &c.*

EPILOGUE to the EUNUCH of *TER-  
 RENCE*, made and spoken at the CHAR-  
 TERHOUSE, by a young Gentleman of  
 thirteen Years of Age, in the Character of  
*PYTHIAS* (a Chamber-maid.)

Ladies,

BECAUSE it is a thing in vogue,  
*Pythias* appears to speak an epilogue.  
*Terence*, 'tis true, has drawn me saucy, bold,  
 To nought accusom'd but to rail and scold.  
 Indeed my part is out of fashion now,  
 That was the mode two thousand years ago.  
 But *Abigails* are now fantastick creatures,  
 Take snuff, drink tea, and paint — to mend  
 their features,

Lisp, pretty souls! are subject to the vapours,  
 Foot it in balls, and cut *Italian* capers.

At filthy weed \* turn up their dainty nose,  
 And use their ladies airs — as well as cloaths,  
 Receive gallants, torment the anxious lover;  
 For *Nabby*, like the world, apes all above her.  
 Be not severe, nor judge with too much haste,  
 If *Terence* pleases not the modern taste.  
 These things were never heard of in his days.  
 He wrote for *Roman*, not *Cibberian* bays.

In *Rome* 'twas strange, if chamber-maids should  
dance;

But what is *Rome* to us? we learn of *France*,  
Eunuchs were never known to warble there;  
To guard the women, was their chiefest care;  
There, *Senesino*'s did the table spread,  
And *Farinelli*'s learnt — to make a bed.

But we with vast expence these eunuchs hire,  
Die on their strains, at every note expire.  
Here they continue, blest with boundless store,  
Fleece us of thousands, ask for thousands more.  
If *Britons* thus for *air* their substance give,  
*Britons* may soon be brought on *air* to live.

But if, with *Terence*'s sense, we fail to please,  
What can be hop'd from such poor lines as these?

The slender offspring of a school-boy's brain,  
If void of beauty, born without much pain;  
Then, gentlemen and ladies, pray be mild,  
And smile upon it, for 'tis *Pythias*' child.

#### ACROSTICK.

To a Gentleman, constantly attending Tun-  
bridge- Wells.

*R*esolv'd at last, in friendly flowing verse,  
*O*nce I'll attempt thy praises to rehearse.  
*B*right genius! whose instructive pleasing lays  
*E*ngage attention, and demand our praise.  
*R*ound the fair sex thou often dost impart  
*T*hy morning's \* labour, with a cheerful heart.

*M*ild as the gentle dawn of blooming love,  
*A*t tend the fair, and silently approve.  
*R*eady to serve, thou mak'st the sex thy friend,

*T*oo apt to please, and cautious to offend;  
*I*ntent on good, — to serve is thy desire,  
*N*one can dislike thee, but thy wit admire.

A. Z.

#### The FADING FLOWER.

**O** Lack, O lay! O well-a-day!  
O sad and doleful ditty!  
Great grief to tell, that has beset  
Poor, young, unhappy *K—y*!  
Of virgin bloom, bereav'd too soon;  
Alas the more the pity!  
Her merry vein is crack'd in twain;  
Ah! poor, unhappy *K—y*.  
*Mourn* her, ye hills, ye rocks and rills;  
*Mourn* her ye flocks that feed a;  
*Mourn* her ye plains, ye nymphs and swains,  
*Mourn* your d- flower'd *M—d* a.  
O cruel fate! to violate  
The charms of one so pretty!  
So fair, so young, so sweet a tongue,  
So sprightly, gay, and witty!  
Of all possess, that cou'd be blest;  
Or cou'd be fancy'd pretty;

But now no more, those charms in store!

Ah! poor unhappy *K—y*!  
*Fade* all ye trees, sigh ev'ry breeze!  
*Ye* murmur'ing streams deplore a!  
The charms of *M—d* by fate decreed,  
Are charms alas! no more a!

J. A. Hest.

#### The Kiss repaid. By the same.

**A**S *Delia* pass'd to milk her cow,  
*Daphnis* stood in the vale below;  
With fawning air, she chuck'd his chin,  
And stroak'd, and chuck'd, and — kiss'd the swain.

With blushing face, and modest grace,  
The shepherd bow'd, and kiss'd again.

#### The GOOSE QUILL.

By the Author of Quintilian's Complaint.  
(Vol. IV. p. 40.)

**L**ET other bards of more ambitious views,  
Extend their thoughts, and grander sub-  
jects chuse.

For me, I meditate no lofty pitch,  
Nor aim at quarry far above my reach.  
My theme to ev'ry bard may well belong,  
Yet is forgot, and still remains unsung.  
Frogs, mice, and gnats, their battles and their  
praise

Have been recorded in immortal lays.  
*A* splendid shilling in poetic lines [shines.  
Improves it's worth, and with more lustre  
Hoops, buckets, pigmies, puppets, locks and  
fans,

Have been commended, by no vulgar pens.  
But I no trivial argument rehearse, [verse.  
The grey goose-quill shall grace my humble  
Who do's not plainly see the various aid  
The quill imparts to men of ev'ry trade?

What art, what bus'ness can you take in hand,  
That do's not her assistances demand?

From the high statesman, to the lowest clown,  
All her peculiar benefits must own;  
But scholars most of all (good scholars) will  
For ever speak in raptures of the quill.  
The swans of old, for some mistaken cause,  
The poets always mention with applause.

*Maander*'s banks were honour'd with their  
songs [songs.

They shar'd that praise that now to geese be-  
To geese the haughty swans wou'd give no place  
For inter-answers was a disgrace.

But lest I partial seem to judge the fray,  
Hear what the feather'd orators can say.  
Thou screamer, says the swan, of gaggling race,  
Amongst us swans how durst thou show thy  
face?

Our praises dwell on ev'ry poet's tongue,  
Renown'd for beauty, and renown'd for song.



The greatest geniuses of *Rome* and *Greece*,  
 Extolling *swans* have meanly spoke of *geese*.  
 Ev'n to a proverb, in contempt's your name,  
 For *goose* and *fool* now signify the same.  
 Vain bird! replies the *goose*, I scorn thy ways,  
 To be so fond of false and fulsome praise.  
 Beyond decorum you assert your right,  
 Is nothing beautiful, but what is white?  
 Do poets say you sing? what's more absurd?  
 And yet you take the flatt'ring poets word.  
 Weak, silly minds by flatt'ry are betray'd,  
 Of wisdom then let not your boast be made.  
 But we, whom you despise, with just pretence  
 May claim the patronage of men of sense.  
 Do's not antiquity our worth extol?  
*Manlius*, and we preserv'd *Rome's* capitol.  
 Our wings support old *Homer's* deathless name,  
 And aided *Milton* in his rise to fame.  
 Upon our pinions bold *Historians* soar,  
 And *Naturalists* abstrusest things explore.  
 Self-praise sometimes befits a modest tongue,  
 When calumny and spite have done us wrong.  
 My quills have toil'd to gain a merchant wealth,  
 And wrote a thousand recipes for health.  
 What parchment-skins have they not copy'd o'er  
 To make mens rights and properties secure?  
 In pious writings they no pains refuse,  
 But trace the paths to long celestial joys.  
 By them the virtuous *lover* does impart  
 The soft, engaging dictates of his heart.  
 By them the yielding *nymph* replies again,  
 And without blushing owns her faithful swain.  
 These favours, tho' she do's not dying sing,  
 The *goose* contributes from her useful wing.  
 Nor do's she beg the boon of flatt'ring verse,  
 Her real worth, and merit to rehearse. [days,  
 From *Chaucer's* times to these our present  
 The grey *goose-quill* was ever held in praise.  
 And, if that verse eternity can give,  
 Its name and honours shall for ever live.

The earnest Intreaty; or, mild Expostulation:  
 An Epistle, to Miss B—r—r, of Ch—.

BE not,—good, dear *Eliza*!—so chagrin'd,  
 Tho' (as you're pleas'd to term it,) \* *magazin'd*.

Can simple, harmless, inoffensive verse  
 A well-establish'd character asperse?—  
 Can it your fame, in any wise, affect?  
 Does it imply unfriendly disrespect?—

Some, who their worthless names can  
 barely write,

Perhaps,—or out of complaisance, or spite,—  
 May a censorious sentence freely pass;  
 And call the publisher,—*abusive ass*:  
 Nay,—a still more vindictive verdict give,  
 And say,—your brother is not fit to live!

But why shou'd you to their opinion trust,  
 That always strive to aggravate disgust?—  
 Why, take that person for your best of friends,  
 Who true respect, but outwardly pretends?

Others, perhaps,—neglected and forlorn,—  
 Toss up their noses, with an air of scorn;  
 Thro' black'ning envy, and with breath im-  
 pure,

My dear *Maria's* brightness wou'd obscure.  
 But, O! how vain are all their wild remarks!  
 In vain each brainless, brutish creature barks.  
 For, tho' delirious dames, with less'ning lips,  
 Wou'd fain her glorious excellence eclipse;—  
 Tho' such bright worth each fustly female vex,  
 Yet still *Maria* shines, and towers above her sex.

Sublime *Maria*!—lovely, charming wife!  
 Much envy'd comfort of my crazy life!  
 Still sing, and shine, and soar above the skies:  
 Still charm, with splendid verse, the won-  
 d'ring eyes,

And ravish'd hearts, of all the good and wise.

As for my own raw, dull, advent'rous  
 rhyme;—

Why shou'd it, pray, be judg'd so great a crime?  
 Why, why, (*Eliza*!) are you so severe,  
 'Cause I in such good company appear?  
 You'll grant,—my *Poll's* free, easy, artless lays,  
 When seen in private, may deserve some praise;  
 But wonder, how I rashly cou'd subjoin,  
 That hasty, home-spun, hobbling stuff of  
 mine!—

No foil, I own, does bright *Maria* need:  
 Yet, hence (I hope,) no diff'rence can proceed.  
 Nor can it, sure, the least displeasure cause,  
 Tho' I still share her justly-gain'd applause.  
 For mayn't the husband to himself apply  
 The wife's desert, and taste of ev'ry joy?  
 O! may he not, with equal justice, claim  
 Her portion, parts,—her fortune, and her fame?  
 As mutual comfort, what so fit and meet?  
 Prosperity, when shar'd, becomes more sweet.

Why, then, *Eliza* shou'd it angry make,  
 That of *Maria's* fame I thus partake? [share  
 You'll own, no doubt,—my scanty, slender  
 Her lustre cannot, in the least, impair.  
 And I (with shame, alas!) myself must own,  
 My mean attempts were better seen alone.  
 While your sweet, charming sister is in sight,  
 In me, 'tis vain presumption, then, to write.

All this may well be true, I frankly own;  
 Yet may, sometimes, some small regard be shewn  
 For vulgar things:—thus, when the setting sun  
 His daily, glorious task has newly done,  
 Still, still, th' unweary'd traveller pursues  
 Th' unconstant path; nor does with scorn  
 refuse

The help of meaner lights, but onwards bend  
 His chequer'd course, till at his journey's end.

If, from my shining spouse, I therefore strive  
 A middling sort of merit to derive,  
 And, by good chance, her beauteous beams  
 reflect,—

Must I, for this, incur your disrespect?

Sure, sure, *Eliza*! this can ne'er be right:—  
 Shall mortals bear the glim'ring moon a spite,  
 Because she only shines with borrow'd light?

Perhaps, you'll, only—with *a piſh!*—reply,  
And, to my ſorrow, ſay,—when ſimple I,  
Thus, to my aid, *ſun, moon, and ſtars*, invoke,  
I but the more my injur'd friend provoke:—  
That, in whatever *light* the thing is ſet,  
You've ſtill abundant cauſe to fume and fret;  
Ah me! the killing thought!—O dire  
diſgrace!—

If this ſhou'd prove my diſmal, deſp'rate caſe.—  
But (ſure!) *Eliza* can't be ſo unkind!  
*Dwells ſuch reſentment in a lady's mind?*

Yet, after all,—if you'll be angry ſtill,  
Of ſatisfaction take your utmoſt fill. [*done:*  
*I thought* no harm, I'm ſure;—nor harm have  
Tho' ſtill, perhaps, I'm but where I begun.  
Yet, why ſhou'd I think ſo?—why thus de-  
ſpair?—

Your *ſex* is *ſav'able*, as well as *fair*.  
And, more than this,—you nearly are ally'd  
To my ſweet, dear, meek, mild, forgiving  
bride:

You are, in part, *Maria's* fleſh and blood;  
And will, at length, (I hope!)—nay, cannot  
but be—good.

R. D.

*We hope our Correoondent will excuse the  
Liberty we have taken of contracting this  
Poem, ſince we find long Performances diſ-  
agreeable to the Generality of our Readers; on  
which Account we are at laſt oblig'd (contrary  
to our Intention) to omit the Sturdy Beggar.*

#### To the AUTHOR of COMMON SENSE.

**I**F vulgar ſenſe is common ſenſe,  
As all learn'd criticks have agreed,  
Thine to its title has pretence;  
And thine is common ſenſe indeed!  
Common and proſtitute agree,  
Whoe'er bids moſt, when put to ſale,  
Is ſure to buy both her and thee;  
The patriot's head, and ſtrumpet's tail.  
Whate'er is common we deſpiſe;  
Our wives and wine, if common, ſlight:  
Change then thy ſtyle, if thou art wiſe,  
And proper ſenſe, for common, write.  
Yet ſure thy common ſenſe was wrong,  
The dregs of *D'Anvers* to refine!  
To hope the venom of that tongue,  
Which ſtain'd his fame, ſhould brighten thine!  
But, ah! at laſt, the droll give o'er,  
For prudence, wicked ſatire quit:  
One page of wiſdom will be more  
Thy friend, than fifty ſheets of wit.  
But if reſolv'd, each week to blend  
The *pert* and *vain*, dear ſtateſman, know,  
Thy ſenſe too mean to gain a friend,  
And malice, to provoke a foe!  
Wouldſt thou the patriot's fame dilate,  
—In rage and oppoſition riſe!  
Too fooliſh to deſerve their hate,  
Thy foes can only yet deſpiſe!

Yet, ev'n from theſe, thy heart may meet  
Something that may its cares beguile:  
At thy dear, fav'rite, weekly ſheet  
They laugh—whiſt thou canſt only ſmile,  
How great thy weakneſs, or thy pride!  
Hoping that ſtateſman's heart to fright;  
Who can even *St. J—n's* pen deride,  
And ſhake his ſides at *B—n—d's* ſpite.  
Fair freedom's lov'd and glorious cauſe  
Shall he deſert, and meanly quit;  
Give up his country's loud applauſe!  
In dread of *S—p's* frown or wit.  
Shall he bribe *L—tt—n's* pert pen,  
Wiſh it more friendly, or leſs keen,  
Or beg him not to print again,  
Who laughs each day at *P—y's* ſpleen?  
Each pigmy patriot ſhould deſiſt,  
Viewing his giant-brothers ſlain;  
Nor hope to conquer with a fiſt,  
Where ſwords have push'd ſo oft in vain,  
Whether it goes by land or barge,  
Henceforth thy *Persian* packet frank;  
For *Britiſh* lies, to pay the charge  
Each month, may break thy *Muley's* bank,  
Had he th' alternative to chuſe,  
To want the gift, or pay the coſt,  
Thy *Muſſulman* would rather loſe  
The wit, than ſatisfy the poſt.  
The next learn'd letter that you ſend,  
Ah, kindly with your *Persian* deal!  
And, writing to your *Aſian* friend,  
Direſt it always free. —

T. L.

*Epitaph on the Grave-Stone of John Sprong,  
Carpenter to the late Lord Chancellor King,  
Baron of Ockham.*

*John Sprong*  
Died November xvii,  
M.D.CCXXXVI.  
Aged LX.

Who many a ſturdy oak has laid along,  
Fell'd by death's ſurer hatchet, here lies *Sprong*;  
Poſts oft he made, yet ne'er a place cou'd get,  
And liv'd by railing, tho' he was no wit;  
Old ſaws he had, altho' no antiquarian,  
And ſtiles correct'd, yet was no grammarian.  
Long liv'd he *Ockbam's* premier architect,  
And laſting as his fame, a tomb t' erect,  
In vain we ſeek an artiſt ſuch as he,  
Whoſe pales and gates were for eternity;  
So here he reſts, from all life's toils and ſollies,  
Oh ſpare, kind heav'n, his fellow lab'rer *Hol-  
lis*. \*

HORACE, Ode 10th. Book 2d.

*Rectius vivet, Licini, &c.*

**T**HE way, my friend, to live at eaſe  
Is not to dare th' uncertain ſeas,

\* *Bricklayer to his Lordſhip.*

Noe



Nor yet, left mounting billows roar,  
To steer too nigh the shelvy shore.  
Thrice happy he, the golden mien,  
Whose blest ambition strives to gain:  
Modest in wish, not proudly great,  
He shuns high grandeur's envy'd seat;  
Nor meanly humble, is set free  
From dreaded shameful poverty.  
Its height does the tall pine expose  
To blasting winds and chilling snows.  
The loftier the proud mountains rise,  
The more they feel th' inclement skies.  
The man, my friend, that's truly great,  
Bravely submits to either state;  
Fate's smiles or frowns with calmness bears,  
Nor rashly hopes, nor vainly fears.  
Tho' winter now in icy chains  
Confin'd th' imprison'd earth detains;  
Wish'd spring will soon return again,  
And bless us with its milder reign.  
Phœbus his darts not alway plies;  
Sometimes his bow neglected lies,  
Whilst the gay god serenely sings,  
And artful strikes his sounding strings.

Does wav'ring fortune prove unkind?  
Arm with content your steady mind.  
Does she now send a prosp'rous gale? [fail.  
With care contract your too-much—swelling  
FIDELIO.

On reading Leonidas.

WHEN great Leonidas the nine implor'd  
With his last breath \* his labours to  
record,

Why did they fail those glories to rehearse  
For twice ten hundred years in epick verse?  
They bade their hero for a *Glover* stay,  
And with large int'rest paid the long delay.

D.

On reading a severe Criticism on Leonidas in  
the Weekly Miscellany.

HOW has poor *Glover* wak'd the clergy's  
ire?

He makes a priest † for liberty expire!  
Then by his foes it sure must be confess'd,  
One miracle at least his work has grac'd.

D.

The SPIRITUAL BREWERS.

THE *Pope's* head tavern all the trade had got,  
*Martin* and *Jack* despis'd a drawer's lot:  
How must their pride and peevishness be laid?  
The *Pope* would take no partners in the trade.  
They swear his liquors are not worth a louse,  
And join to ruin his well custom'd house;  
His dear bad wine they justly both cry down,  
And get away his customers in town,  
But vent for good the *brewings* of their own.  
Both of a trade, they quickly disagree; [he:  
Each swears he sells neat port, and none but  
*Martin* so proud, he made the motion first,  
At *Jack's* good trade is ready just to burst;

\* P. 279.

† *Magistias*, Leon p. 339.

Harangues the mayor, on ev'ry market day,  
That his wine-licence may be took away:  
And fires the mob, to have his rival kick'd  
Out of the town, for selling wine so prick'd.  
*Jack*, in bye bouse, for bus'ness makes a push,  
And quotes the proverb, *Good wine needs no  
bush*:

Stilly pretending his wine more fin'd down,  
Contends with *Martin* to serve all the town:  
Blames his ill way of hanging up a sign,  
And making of his bar, like *Peter's*, fine.  
Discord betwixt these wine-reforming men,  
Makes the *Pope's* tavern bravely fill again.  
Would lay-fots, for themselves, but dare to  
taste;

Their frauds and Impositions could not last:  
*Christians*, their wine, imported neat from far,  
To take pure from the keys shou'd make  
their care;  
*Peter*, *Jack*, *Martin*, only coopers are.

On one of a general cursory Knowledge. To  
*Attilus*. *Martial*, *Epig.* 8. L. 4.

PRETTY you plead, and pretty you rehearse,  
You pretty *bis'*ries write, and pretty verse;  
With pretty art you pantomime compose,  
With pretty turns your epigrams you close;  
A pretty good grammarian you are known,  
A pretty good astrologer you're grown;  
Pretty you dance, and you as pretty sing,  
With pretty air you touch the fiddle-string;  
You talk with pretty knowledge of the state,  
With pretty knowledge tell an op'ra's fate;  
Of things divine you prettily dispute,  
And have a pretty taste to chuse a suit;  
You're vers'd in *Newton* prettily enough,  
And prettily are vers'd to take your snuff:  
When you a gen'ral knowledge thus amass,  
Do all things pretty, yet in nought surpass;  
—Shall I say what you are?—a pretty ass.

The Happiness of a COUNTRY LIFE.

THRICE happy man! who in some lone  
retreat

Far from the busy world and lordly great,  
Contentedly resolves to spend his days,  
Smit with the charms of unmolested ease.  
Whose own possessions gratefully afford  
Fit entertainment for an humble board;  
Whose fertile grounds in each revolving year,  
Return large tribute of unpurchas'd fare.  
What tho' his house no *Attick* order shows,  
No lavish cost of useless portico's?  
No gay festoons, no fluted colonade,  
Or carv'd pilaster in the front display'd.  
No long arcades t' invite the chilling air,  
And make a winter in the vernal year.  
No narrow lights t' exclude the welcom sun,  
As if we liv'd beneath the torrid zone.  
What tho' no foreign tap'stry hide the wall,  
Where frightful images confus'dly sprawl?  
Or rooms with *Turky* carpets cover'd o'er,  
Left the rude shoe offend the nicer floor.

What

What tho' no mutilated busts are shown  
Of gods or heroes cut in *Parian* stone? [lay  
Redeem'd from rubbish, where they mouldring  
Till prying antiqu'ry summon'd them to day.  
Yet he enjoys a pleasant rural seat  
Adapted to his station and estate:  
Where true contentment join'd with innocence,  
Diffuse around their friendly influence;  
Where easy quiet calms each ruder thought  
And makes his life unconscious of a fault.  
Here injur'd justice fix'd her latest stand,  
Lingring awhile, before she left the land.

Heto whom heav'n designs this kind supply,  
Is truly rich in humble poverty:  
To him all nature opens all her store,  
Nor leaves a thought to wish or ask for more.  
But lest the bounteous smiles of providence  
Should cause supinuity or indolence;  
His own affairs demand his watchful eyes  
Each day's appointed labour to revise:  
He takes his morning walks, the fields surveys,  
And promis'd hopes of future harvest sees.  
Whilst to compleat the happy scene of life,  
At home a chaste, good-natur'd, prudent wife,  
With chearful glee acts in her proper sphere,  
And takes her burthen of domestick care:  
A good oeconomist, manages with ease,  
And all her study is her spouse to please.  
Mute when herages, soothing when he complains,  
And shares by sympathy his joys or pains.  
O happy pair! whose thoughts thus will the  
same,

One common object of their wishes frame;  
With easy chains the willing captives bind,  
An union both of body and of mind.  
Each coming day their passion but improves,  
And adds new blessings of connubial loves.

Let pamper'd nobles irksome pass away  
A useless life in lazy apathy:  
Their sole employ in each *Lethean* draught  
To kill those foes to pleasure time and thought.  
The rural lord esteems the goods of heav'n,  
For different ends and wiser causes giv'n.  
Hence by his work the poor are cloth'd and fed,  
Hence helpless infants eat their daily bread.  
Successive labours opportune supply  
The circling orb with sweet variety. [year,  
When first bright *Phœbus* warms the coming  
The yearning ewes and lambkins are his care;  
Then yellow harvest next imbrowns the fields,  
And all his treasures fruitful autumn yields.  
His woods affording their alternate aid,  
In winter fire, and in summer shade.  
Blest man! who ev'ry hour of life can find  
Some fit amusement for the thoughtful mind.

Nor only business all his time employs,  
He sometimes gives a loose to other joys,  
Whilst every season of the year supplies  
Grateful vicissitude of exercise.  
Sweet recreation! which at once combin'd,  
Refresh the body and regale the mind.

When *Phœbus* turning from the wintry signs  
In *Aries* and *Taurus* gaily shines:  
And with more genial heat and fruitful show'rs  
Raises the vernal bloom and pregnant flow'rs.

He rises at the early dawn of day  
And to the distant fields directs his way;  
Where the pure stream in wild *Mæanders* leads  
Its murmur'ing waters thro' the verdant meads:  
Under some friendly shade he takes his stand,  
And eyes the dancing quill and trembling wand.  
The scaly herd with fury gorge the bait,  
And in one greedy morsel meet their fate.  
[To be continued.]

*The humble Petition of the School-Master of  
Br—ton in the Parish of Pr—ston, Lanca-  
shire, to the Trustees.*

GOOD folks! 'tis necessity makes me  
complain,  
And necessity has no law all men maintain.  
Be pleas'd to attend, while I tell my condition,  
And you'll find I've just reason to write a pe-  
tition. [master been  
Be it known to you then, I've your school-  
From the year of our lord seven hundred six-  
teen; [et  
And taxes (still counted the nation's heart-break-  
For my sake, were never yet lay'd on your  
acres. [worse is,  
Nor yet for repairs, which a thing not much  
Did you ever untie the stiff strings of your  
purses. [tain,  
A school like a palace, shou'd grandeur main-  
Where the master in state like a monarch  
should reign;  
His desk like a throne shou'd a terror convey,  
And his rod wav'd on high like a scepter  
shou'd sway.

*Τὸν δ' ἀπὸ μὲς βόμην* & never shou'd fall,  
When roll'd off his tongue, on a dirty clay wall,  
But to rouse the lethargick young pupils to  
wonder, [thunder.  
Shou'd rebound from a wainscot, and rattle like  
Thus the puny republic wou'd still be kept  
meek,

For who can withstand a loud volly of *Greek*;  
But alas! no such furniture falls to my share,  
Instead of a desk, I've a lame oaken chair,  
Whose creackings prognosticate dismal disaster,  
That at last it will shrink with the weight of  
its master. [down,

Thus the stateliest structures with age tumble  
And ruins extend to a scepter and crown.  
Where a wainscoat shou'd shine with rich paint  
cover'd o'er, [all tore;  
There appears a dead wall with the plaistering  
Then how can there be of complaint a for-  
bearance? [appearance.

When the school is reduc'd to such pye-ball'd  
At *Preston* not so; (if I may be allow'd  
In comparison great things with smaller to  
crowd)

There fash'd in the front rises full to the eye,  
A stately proud edifice three stories high,  
Where each lofty room with fine wainscot  
or plaister

Poclaim a munificent town to the master.

Here



Here taught by fam'd *Smith* is the use of the  
standish, [dist:]

And here the smart birch a triumphate bran-  
Here *D-is* of size liliputian struts grander  
Than e'er did the tutor of great *Alexander*;  
For if we may credit what old sages talk,  
He so far from a *strut* had a *sloop* in his walk:  
Of the *Stagyrte* tho' one account that we  
have is [D—is]

He was fully as learn'd as our rev'rend *Will*.  
But such mighty favours I ne'er expect from ye,  
Nor wou'd such extravagant methods become ye.  
Consider that he is a man of the gown,  
And collegians of course are caref'd by the  
town.

If a cassock and wig but bedeck the out skin,  
Some are sure that abundance of wit lurks  
within: [spoken]

But cassocks and wigs are (believe the word  
As of grace so of learning not always the  
token; [cloth,

Tho' to give commendation that's due to the  
Let a *Peploe* step forward, and then you see both.  
I ask no magnificent buildings, nor crave  
But what an industrious teacher shou'd have;  
That you'd please where you see a large chasm  
in the thatch,

To place there a barley, or oaten straw patch.  
For why shou'd not *thatching* be smooth, and  
compleat as

A rhetorical sentence, without an *biatus*.

Thro' the window where *Phœbus* pours in too  
much day [ray;

Let a glazier contrive to refract the strong  
For tho' I cou'd bear with his godship's bright  
lustre, [ter,

Yet I care not so much for sharp *Boreas*' bluf-  
As with suitors 'thas been still the politick trade  
First to gain smaller boons, then to greater  
persuade;

So I, yet with prudent regard to what's past,  
Have forbore to reveal the great want to the last.  
The boys by continual scratchings condole

The want of two fav'rites, *Schrievelius*, and  
Cole; [lumin

For here every word with the sense in the co-  
ls found in a trice in each magical volume;  
So that shou'd not the meaning by study come  
pat in

Of a classical author in *Greek* or in *Latin*,  
These wou'd by a glance of the eye in a mo-  
ment [ment.

Of the knottiest sentences give them a com-  
The words rang'd in order, a tip of the thumb  
Make at once to the view the most difficult  
come;

As *Faustus* was said by a touch of his wand  
To make the books fly from the shelves to  
his hand.

But depriv'd of these helps you may see e'ery lad  
Instead of a smile, wear a countenance sad;  
And unless I resolve by my skill their hard cases  
(As I am by profession a pick-lock of *phrases*)

They still might be poring, and poring in vain,  
And as soon as their *Flaccus* the *Sybil* explain.  
Pray, what is an artist, his tools thrown away?  
Can a potter have power, except he has clay?  
Can musick be struck from an uninform'd shell?  
For want of a clapper how dull sounds the bell?  
The parson is apt without notes to miscarry,  
Much more the poor school-boys without dic-  
tionary.

Relieve us, and quickly; our grievance I've told,  
The books are at *Hopkins*'s shop to be sold;  
The prices but trivial, much less than a pound,  
And we'll pray for you still, as in duty we're  
bound.

Claudian. *De Raptu Proserpine*. Book 2d.  
*The Description of Proserpine weaving.*

O'ER all the rooms a pleasing silence reigns  
Attentive to the nymph's melodious strains  
Whilst for her mother she in vain designs  
A curious gift, where in its lustre shines  
Her greatest skill.—first with the needle's trace,  
She mark'd each element its proper place;  
Show'd how, when all things dark confusion  
hid,

From *Cbaos* order rose, as nature bid.  
Here tow'rs their centres various atoms tend,  
The heavier sink, the lighter swift ascend:  
The æther look'd inflam'd with glowing heat;  
Below, the waves in murmuring surges beat;  
There the earth hung self-balanced in its feat.  
Nor was one colour thro the tapestry seen,  
The stars were gold, the waters flow'd in green;  
Gems grac'd the coast for rocks: her thread so  
well

She plac'd, the billows seem to foam and swell;  
You'd think you heard them with an echo-  
ing roar  
Dash the sea-weed against the sounding shore,  
And murmur'ing o'er the sands their current  
pour. [pleat,

Five zones she adds to make the work com-  
The middle raging with the dog-star's heat:  
By too much sun, (such was her wond'rous art,)  
The loom look'd parch'd and dry'd in every part.  
On either side the temperate zones appear,  
Where milder seasons grace the circling year.  
Near the web's utmost bounds you might behold  
The regions curst with everlasting cold:  
There winter reign'd in all its horrors dress,  
And e'en the threads a frozen hue express.  
Next hell's grim tyrant's gloomy court she drew,  
And brought his hid dominions forth to view:  
When a foreboding prodigy ensu'd:

For sudden tears her beauteous cheeks bedew'd.  
Now round the borders of the web began  
The waves to flow, and close the destin'd plan:  
When the three goddesses approach'd the room,  
Whom the nymph seeing rose, and left her loom;  
Surpris'd at guests divine, a purple red,  
The sign of modesty, her cheeks bespred;  
With such a blush no ivory can vie,  
By *Lydian* virgins stain'd with *Tyrian* dye.

# T H E Monthly Chronologer.

WEDNESDAY, May 4.



THE great Cause between the Cordwainers and Carriers came on at the Sittings of the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster, before the Lord Chief Justice Willes; when, after a Trial which lasted above seven Hours, the Court and Jury were of Opinion, that the Carriers had no Right to cut Leather, and sell it, and that it was an Infringement on the Trade of a Cordwainer, who obtained a Verdict accordingly.

WEDNESDAY, II.

This Day was taken up at the Stern of a Ship near *Wen-gate*, the Body of *Eustace Budgell, Esq;* who threw himself out of a Boat a Week before, and was drown'd. On searching his Pockets there was found a gold Watch and some Money; as also a Paper with these Words, *The Bearer hereof, Eustace Budgell, Esq; is my Secretary, and sign'd Orrery.* The Coroner's Inquest sat the next Day on his Body, and brought in their Verdict *Lunacy.* He appeared very much disordered for a Day or two before he drowned himself: His Servant Maid, the Night before, hid his Sword, which used to lie under his Pillow, to prevent his attempting his Life. When he went out, he said he should not come home any more, and talked very wildly. His Maid, who watch'd him, saw him take Coach in *Hatton Garden*, and took the Number of the Coach; when he came to *Holbourn*, he discharged that Coach, and took another, in which he drove to *Dorset Stairs*, where he was seen stooping several Times, in order, as appear'd afterwards, to fill his Pockets with Stones; and then took Water for *Greenwich*, as he said, but would needs sit in the Stern when he came near the Bridge, leaving his Sword upon the Seat. The Waterman objected to his sitting there; but he said, it was coolest, and what he chose. When the Boat was under the Bridge, he threw himself into the Water, as above mention'd, and sunk instantly. 'Twas said he expected an Execution to enter his House the next Day; and that he had a Cause to come on at *Westminster-Hall*; which gave him great Uneasiness. He left in his Escutcheon a short Scrap of a Will, wrote a Day or two before, importing, that he left to his natural Daughter *Anne Eustace* (a Child of about 11 Years of Age) all his Personal Estate. He was the Author of divers Pieces, and particularly of several *Speculators*; of the History of the *Boyles Earls of Orrery*; of *Cleomenes King of Sparta*; of the

Weekly Pamphlet call'd the *Bee*, and several Poetical Pieces. He was Executor, &c. of the Will of the late noted Dr. *Matthew Tindall*, and had Possession of all his Papers. The abovemention'd Cause was said to be in relation to the Dr's Will.

THURSDAY, 12.

A Load of Wheat belonging to Farmer *Waters of Britford* near *Salisbury*, going to *Red-Bridge* for Exportation, was stopped near *White Parish*, by about threescore People, who first knocked down the Fore-Horse, then cut the Waggon and Wheels to Pieces, cut the Sacks, and strew'd the Corn about, and declared they would serve all Persons after that Manner they should meet with, who should offer to carry any more Wheat for Exportation. The same Persons afterwards stopped several other Waggon, some of which were loaded with Malt, which, after Examination, they let pass.

FRIDAY, 13.

There were Accounts from *Ludlow, Bishop's Castle*, and several other Places in *Shropshire*, that on this Day in the Morning, while the Inhabitants were in their Beds, they felt an Earthquake, which continued some Minutes.

SATURDAY, 14.

This Day, being the Market Day, past six in the Evening, the Sessions and Market-House at *Namptwich* in *Cheshire* fell down; by which unhappy Accident nine Persons were kill'd, and several hurt and wounded. 'Tis observed the Buildings had not been erected more than 16 Years, and that six Months ago, at a Quarter-Sessions, it gave evident Signs that it would soon tumble.

TUESDAY, 17.

The Coroner's Jury, having sat several Times on the Body of Corporal *Cluff*, whose Death was said to be occasion'd by several Blows and Bruises on his Breast, given him by a Colonel in the first Regiment of Foot Guards, with the But End of a Musket; after examining a great Number of Witnesses, brought in their Verdict, *Wilful Murder*, against the said Colonel.

At *Oxford*, Dr. *Radcliffe's* Trustees laid the Foundation-Stone of his Library, between *St. Mary's Church* and the publick Schools, attended by the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, Proctors, Masters, &c. of the University. The Orator made a Speech on this Occasion; and all the Trustees had the Degree of Doctor of Law conferred on them, except Lord *Noel Somerset*, who had been presented with it before.

SUN-



SUNDAY, 22.

The noted Highwayman, *Turpin* the Butcher, (who lately kill'd a Man who endeavour'd to take him on *Epping Forest*) this Night robbed several Gentlemen in their Coaches and Chaises, at *Holloway*, and the back Lanes at *Islington*, and took from them several Sums of Money. One of the Gentlemen signified to him, that he had reigned a long Time; *Turpin* reply'd, 'Tis no matter for that, I am not afraid of being taken by you; therefore don't stand hesitating, but give me the Cole.

TUESDAY, 24.

A Message was sent by his Majesty, to desire the Commons would settle a Jointure of 50000 *l.* per Annum on her Royal Highness the Princess of *Wales*, in case she survives the Prince; or to enable his Majesty to make the same Provision. A Bill was unanimously ordered in accordingly.

WEDNESDAY, 25.

A Man was brought from *Portsmouth* under a strong Guard of Dragoons to the *Marshalsea*, for being concern'd with *Richard Coyle* in the Murder of Capt. *Benj. Hartley*, for which Coyle was executed the 14th of *March* last. (See p. 164.)

The Claim of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of *Burlington* to the Barony of *Clifford*, was heard in the House of Lords; when his Lordship proving himself descended from *Elizabeth* the Daughter of Lord *Clifford*, so created 3 Car. I. and afterwards Earl of *Cumberland*, the Barony was adjudg'd to his Lordship by the House of Peers.

MONDAY, 30.

The Birth-Day of their Royal Highnesses the Princess *Amelia* and *Caroline*, was celebrated, when the former enter'd into the 27th and the latter into the 25th Year of their Ages.

The Following is the Scheme of the intended Lottery, consisting of 70000 Tickets, at 10 *l.* each.

Distribution of Blanks and Prizes.

| N <sup>o</sup> |   | l.    |    | l.     |
|----------------|---|-------|----|--------|
| 1              | of                                      | 10000 | is | 10000  |
| 2              | —                                       | 5000  | —  | 10000  |
| 3              | —                                       | 3000  | —  | 9000   |
| 6              | —                                       | 2000  | —  | 12000  |
| 18             | —                                       | 1000  | —  | 18000  |
| 30             | —                                       | 500   | —  | 15000  |
| 90             | —                                       | 100   | —  | 9000   |
| 200            | —                                       | 50    | —  | 10000  |
| 6650           | —                                       | 20    | —  | 133000 |
| 7000           | Prizes, amounting to                    | —     | —  | 226000 |
|                | First Drawn                             | —     | —  | 500    |
|                | Last Drawn                              | —     | —  | 1000   |
| 63000          | Blanks at 7 <i>l.</i> 10 <i>s.</i> each | —     | —  | 472500 |
| 70000          | Tickets at 10 <i>l.</i> each            | —     | —  | 700000 |

14 *l.* per Cent. is to be deducted out of the Blanks and Prizes, when drawn, for building a Bridge at *Westminster*; and a Premium of 3 *l.* per Cent. allowed to the Subscribers of 50 Tickets, and upwards.

If any Tickets remain unsubscribed, the Commissioners have Power to lock up such Tickets for Account and Risque of the Bridge.

That those Persons who have subscribed to the former Lottery, shall have the same Advantages as the new Subscribers: And if the whole Number of Tickets is not subscribed for or accepted of by the Commissioners, for Account and Risque of the Bridge, the Subscribers shall have their Money returned on Demand.

The Blanks and Prizes to be paid at the Bank forty Days after the Drawing is finished.

## MARRIAGES and BIRTHS.

**R**ICHARD *Greenville*, Esq; Nephew to the Lord Viscount *Cobham*, and Member of Parl. for *Buckingham*, to Miss *Chambers*, second Daughter of *Tbo. Chambers*, late of *Hanworth*, *Middlesex*, Esq;

Mr. *Pauncefort* of *Hanover-Square*, to Miss *Dodd*, of *Denmark-street*.

*Francis Gwynn*, of *Devonshire*, Esq; to Miss *Lora Pitt*.

*Stephen Curtis*, of *Cirencester*, Esq; to Miss *Middleton*, of *Chelsea*.

Rev. Dr. *Cresset*, Dean of *Hersford*, to Miss *Pelham* of *Lewes*, *Sussex*.

*Edward Thompson*, Esq; Member for *York*, to Miss *Moor*, of *Offelkirk*, *Yorkshire*.

Mr. *Glover*, Author of *Leonidas*, to Miss *Nunn*, a Lady of 12,000 *l.* Fortune.

Mr. *Fate*, an eminent Attorney near *Great Budworth* in *Cheshire*, to Mrs. *Jones*, a rich Widow of *Chester*.

*Harbord Harbord*, Esq; late Knight of the Shire for *Norfolk*, to Mrs. *Marcon*, Relict of *Marcon*, Esq; and Daughter of Sir *Benjamin Wrench*, *Knt.*

Mr. *Pultney*, Son to General *Pultney*, to Brigadier *Otway's* Daughter.

*William Riggs*, Esq; of *Hants*, to Miss *Webb*, a 40000 *l.* Fortune.

The Lady of the Hon. Mr. *Fitzmaurice*, second Son to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Kerry*, safely deliver'd, at *Dublin*, of a Son,

## DEATHS.

**C**ounsellor *Crofts*, of *Lincoln's-Inn*.

Sir *John Sedley*, *Bart.*

Rev. Dr. *Burrell*, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty.

Sir *Nathaniel Trimnel*, *Bart.*

*George Annesley*, Esq; Senior Benchet of the Temple, aged 104.

Capt. *George Hill*, several Years Commander of one of the S. S. Company's Snows.

Rev. Mr. *Tbo. Cornish*, Rector of *Wheatfield*, and Vicar of *Great Milton* in *Oxfordshire*.

M m 2

At

At the Bath, aged 95, the Hon. James Johnston, of Twickenham in Middlesex, Esq; Son of the Lord Warriston, beheaded in Scotland in 1663. He was Envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg (afterwards King of Prussia) in the Reign of K. William, and also Secretary of State to that Prince, and Lord Register of Scotland in the Reign of Q. Anne.

Rev. Dr. Hough, Rector of Newington, and St. George, Southwark.

Humphry Sydenham, Esq; at Sandwich, Kent.

Rev. Mr. Frederick Daniel Bougart, Minister of the Dutch Church in Austin-Fryars.

Christopher Hopkins, Bookseller at Lancaster, a Person remarkable for having never drank any strong Liquors. He was well skill'd in Greek and Latin, and most of the modern Languages. His Zeal for the present Establishment appear'd in a singular Instance, of his buying up all the Gunpowder in Lancaster, and sinking it in a Well, to prevent its falling into the Hands of the Scotch Rebels.

Townshend Andrews, Esq; Deputy Pay-Master of the Forces, and Memb. of Parl. for Bessiney in Cornwall.

Mrs. Nichols, Mother of the late Sir Gunter Nichols, Knight of the Bath.

Capt. Edmund Williamson, who was abroad in the Wars with K. William, and sometime Serjeant at Arms to the Hon. House of Commons.

George Venable, Esq; in Gloucester-Street.

Mr. Smith, Common-Council Man of Aldersgate Ward.

Sir William Chapman, Knt. and Bart. Son of Sir John Chapman, Knt. who was Lord Mayor of London at the Revolution. He was Governor of the Hospitals of Christ-Church and St. Bartholomew's, and succeeded the late Hon. Mr. Auditor Harley as Chairman of the Society of Treasurers and Trustees of all the Charity-Schools in the Bills of Mortality and Parts adjacent. He is succeeded in Dignity and Estate by his eldest Son, now Sir John Chapman, Bart.

At his Lodgings in the Hay-Market, Alexander Cunningham, Esq;

At Turnbam-Green, Capt. Jonas Hanway, of York-Buildings.

At Stains, Middlesex, Daniel Lawson, Esq;

Mr. John Spencer, Master of the Pay-Office to the East-India Company.

In Grosvenor-square, Lady Mary Sanderson.

The Lady of Sir Thomas Aston, Bart. Member for St. Alban's.

Sir George Godfrey, Knt. who was employed in several Stations by K. William III.

Rev. Mr. Fishenden, Rector of Newenden, and Vicar of Rolvenden, Kent.

Doctor Bennet, a Physician.

At Tamworth, the Rev. Mr. Werthington.

David Warburton, Esq; a Gentleman possessor of an Estate of 2000*l.* per Annum in Essex.

Samuel Porten, Esq; only Son of Sir Francis Porten, Knt. deceased, late Alderman of Aldgate Ward.

In Rupert-Street, Goodman's Fields, Hill, Esq; an eminent Brewer, in which Trade he acquired a large Fortune, and died worth 100000*l.* It was annually his Custom, every Christmas-Day, to give to 150 poor House-keepers of Whitechapel, a Quarter Loaf, half a Crown, and a Piece of Beef; He has left 100*l.* to the Workhouse of Whitechapel Parish.

David Joyce, Esq; a Gentleman of a large Estate in Suffex, which he has left to his two Nieces.

Philip Somerfield, Esq; a young Gentleman of a very plentiful Estate at Eastwell in Kent.

At Paddington, John Heatbecot, Esq; a young Gentleman of 4000*l.* per Ann. Estate.

Stephen Burry, Esq; possessor of an Estate of 2000*l.* per Ann. in Wiltshire, and in the Commission of the Peace for that County.

John Conduitt, Esq; Memb. of Parl. for Southampton, and Master and Worker of his Majesty's Mint in the Tower of London; in which Office he succeeded the great Sir Isaac Newton.

Hon. Miss Jane Gower, Sister to her Grace the Duchess of Bedford.

Tho. Bird, Esq; Secretary to the Hudson's Bay Company.

Mr. Denew, an eminent French Merchant of this City.

#### ECCELESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

WILLIAM Johnson, M. A. to the Rectory of Thorpe Juxta Haddesloe, Norfolk. William Kay, M. A. to the Rectory of Nunnington, in the Diocese of York. Samuel Finton, M. A. to the Rectory of Throwley, Devonshire. Mr. Smith, to the Vicarage of East-Tilbury, Essex. Mr. Gibson, presented by his Father, the Bp. of London, to the Rectory of the United Parishes of St. Matthew, Friday-street, and St. Peter, Cheap. Mr. Edward Chamberlayne to the Rectory of Bodney, Norfolk. Mr. Thomas Walters to the Rectory of Portinion, Glamorganshire. Mr. Thomas Pocklington to the Vicarage of St. Mary's Church in Leicester. Mr. William Murray to the Vicarage of Stallingborough, in Lincolnshire. Mr. Robert Prowze, Minister of Darulish, Devon, installed a Prebendary of Exeter; and Mr. Hawtry, Sub-Dean of St. Peter's, installed a Canon of the same; both in the Room of the Rev. Mr. Canonworth, who died lately at Bath. Mr. Stephenson, one of the Fellows of Clare-Hall, Cambridge, appointed a Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

#### PROMOTIONS Civil and Military.

RIGHT Hon. Augustus, Earl of Berkley, appointed Lord Lieutenant of the County



ky of Gloucester, and also Constable of the Castle of St. Briwal's in the Forest of Dean, in the Room of the late Earl his Father. The Right Hon. the Lord Delaware appointed Governor of Virginia, in the Room of the late Earl of Orkney. Lieutenant Denison appointed Commander of the Oxford Man of War, of 50 Guns. Colonel Filliot made Colonel of the Regiment of Foot, lately commanded by Brigadier-General Kane. John Morgan, Esq; made a Captain in the Regiment of Foot late General Tatton's: Colonel Frampton appointed first Major of the first Regiment of Foot Guards; and Colonel Merpich appointed second Major in his Room. Charles Monson, Esq; made Deputy Pay-Master of his Majesty's Forces, in the Room of Townshend Andrews, Esq; deceas'd. Daniel Knowles, Esq; appointed Governor of West-Tilbury, in the Room of the late General Tatton. His Majesty granted unto Henry Adams, Esq; the Office of Serjeant at Arms in Ordinary, to attend upon his Majesty's Royal Person, in the room of Benj. Hall, Esq; deceas'd. Lieut. Gen. Pearce made Governor of Londonderry and Culmore Fort, Ireland, in the room of the late Lieut. Gen. Wynne. Brig. Gen. Cope made Col. of the late Gen. Tatton's Reg. of Foot. E. of Crayford, succeeds the Brig. Gen. in the Command of his Reg. on the Irish Estab. And Capt. Ogle succeeds his Lordship as Col. of a Comp. in the second Reg. of Guards.

## Persons declar'd BANKRUPTS.

JOHN Newton, late of Silver-Street, London, Merchant. Benjamin Bradley, of London-Street, London, Broker and Chapman. William Hill, of Bridgwater, Maltster. John Swan, of Grantham, Lincolnshire, Linen-Draper and Chapman. John Buckle, of New Market, Suffolk, Linen-Draper and Chapman. William Bealey, of Horncastle, Lincolnsh. Mercer. William Rutter, late of Workop, Nottingham, Mercer. James Hall, of Wickham-Market, Suffolk, Mercer and Chapman. James Longstaff, of St. Paul Shadwell, Middlesex, Distiller. Robert King, of Northampton, Draper. Thomas Satchwell, of St. Leonard Shoreditch, Clothworker. John Hall, of Blaxhall, Suffolk, Merchant. William Creak, late of Henly upon Thames, Linen-draper and Chapman. Thomas Coleman, of Southwark, Surrey, Upholsterer and Chapman. Walter Lacy, late of Switbin's Alley, near the Royal-Exchange, Periwig-maker. Benjamin Young, late of Brinkworth, Wilts, Yarn-maker. Robert Thompson, late of Yarm, York, Grocer. Thomas Horabin, late of Watling-Street, London, but now of the Poultry, Carpenter and Chapman. Thomas Little, of the Parish of Stroud, Gloucester, Baker. John Duell, late of the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex, Chapman. William Palmors, of Christian-Malsford, Wilts, Horse-dealer and Chapman.

## Prices of Stocks, &amp;c. towards the End of the Month.

## S T O C K S.

|  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| S. Sea 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$ | Afric. 14                        |
| —Bonds 4 2                               | Royal Aff. 112 $\frac{1}{4}$     |
| —Annu. 112 $\frac{3}{4}$                 | Lon. ditto 14 $\frac{7}{8}$      |
| Bank 147 $\frac{3}{4}$                   | 3 per C. An. 106 $\frac{1}{4}$   |
| —Circ. 31                                | Eng. Copper                      |
| Mil. Bank 121                            | Salt Tallies 1 a 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| India 181 $\frac{1}{2}$                  | Emp. Loan 116 $\frac{1}{8}$      |
| —Bonds 71 25                             | Equiv. 114                       |

## The Course of EXCHANGE.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Amst. 35 2                                 | Bilboa                                     |
| D. Sight 34 9                              | Leghorn 49 $\frac{2}{3}$                   |
| Rotter. 35 1                               | Genoa 52 $\frac{2}{3}$                     |
| Hamb. 34 2 $\frac{1}{2}$                   | Venice 50                                  |
| P. Sight 32 $\frac{1}{16}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$ | Lisb. 55 6d                                |
| Bourdx. 32 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{8}$   | Oport. 55 5d $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{8}$ |
| Cadiz 41 $\frac{1}{4}$ 40 $\frac{1}{4}$    | Antw. 35 2                                 |
| Madrid                                     | Dublin 10 $\frac{1}{8}$                    |

## Prices of Goods at Bear-Key.

|                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| Wheat 31 35    | Oates 12 14    |
| Rye 13 17      | Tares 22 24    |
| Barley 12 18   | Pease 20 22    |
| H. Beans 20 23 | H. Pease 15 16 |
| P. Malt 20 21  | B. Malt 16 19  |

## Abstract of the London WEEKLY BILL, from April 26 to May 24.

|                        |                              |      |
|------------------------|------------------------------|------|
| Christned              | { Males 601<br>Females 608 } | 1209 |
| Buried                 | { Males 972<br>Females 959 } | 1931 |
| Died under 2 Years old |                              | 724  |
| Between 2 and 5        |                              | 197  |
| 5                      | 10                           | 73   |
| 10                     | 20                           | 56   |
| 20                     | 30                           | 162  |
| 30                     | 40                           | 173  |
| 40                     | 50                           | 182  |
| 50                     | 60                           | 155  |
| 60                     | 70                           | 99   |
| 70                     | 80                           | 68   |
| 80                     | 90                           | 33   |
| 90 and upwards         |                              | 9    |

1931

Hay 51 to 56s. a Load.

Not.

Notwithstanding the arbitrary Government and severe Laws established in *France* and *Spain*, they are not, it seems, without their Mobs and Tumults; for in *France*, there have lately been two, one at *Montargis*, on account of a Priest who was much esteemed by the People, but, perhaps for that very Reason, was recalled by his Superiors, and a new one sent in his Room, upon which Occasion the Mob rose to a great Height, and continued several Days, but were at last dispersed by the Authority of the Intendant, assisted by the prevailing Oratory of some regular Troops; and another in *Piccardy*, about *Abbeville* and *Boulogne*, on account of the Exportation of Corn, which was suppressed by the same salutary Methods. In *Spain* likewise, even in their capital City, *Madrid*, there has lately been a great Tumult, occasioned by the Scarcity of Corn in that Country; for the Bakers in that City being, it seems, confined not to take above the Statute Price for their Bread, and the Price of Corn having lately rose so high that they could not afford their Bread at that Price, they therefore shut up their Shops and refused to sell any; upon which the Mob rose, broke open several of their Shops, and not only took their Bread but gave them nothing for it but Blows: This Tumult was suppressed likewise by the same Sort of Oratory; and upon examining into the Complaints of Bakers, they were allowed to sell their Bread a fourth Part higher than the usual Statute Price, which Regulation, if seasonably made, would have prevented the Tumult; for there is seldom or ever a Tumult happens in any Country without some Fault or Neglect in the Magistrate: It is remarkable that in neither of these Kingdoms the Soldiers took the Liberty to fire upon the Mob; they only made use of their Swords or screwed Bayonets, by which they could hurt none but those that were really guilty.

One of their little under Officers of Justice at *Paris*, who had the Care of taking up and punishing Beggars, has been lately convicted of taking Money from such poor Creatures, for letting them escape Punishment, by which 'tis said, he made near 300*l.* Sterling a Year; for which Crime he has been condemned to stand three Market Days in the Pillory, to be whipt each Day, to be marked the last Day with a hot Iron, and to be from thence conducted to the Gallies, where he is to tug at an Oar for three Years. If the Raisers of such Contributions were in all Countries as severely punished, we should neither have such a Multitude of Magistrates, nor such a Multitude of Criminals.

Count *D'Ublefeldt*, the Imperial Minister at the *Hague*, has of late strongly solicited the States General, for their Permissions to borrow three Millions of Florins in that Country,

for the Service of the Emperor, at an Interest of five per Cent, upon a Mortgage of some of the Revenues of *Bobemia*, and under the Guaranty of their High Mightinesses; but they have absolutely refused either their Permission or Guaranty, and with a great deal of Reason; for as it is the Interest of every Country, to have Money at a low Interest, and all employed in Trade by their own Subjects, all publick Loans, but especially foreign Loans, are inconsistent with the Welfare of any Society, and ought therefore never to be set up or permitted in any Country but in Cases of the extremest Necessity.

The famous *Theodore*, King of *Corfica*, having some Time since come, incognito, into *Holland*, in order to buy warlike Stores for his Subjects, was arrested at *Amsterdam* for Debts he had contracted there when a private Gentleman. Upon his being arrested, he was conducted to Prison as a common Debtor, and was there detained for about a Week; but as soon as the States General were informed of this Incident, they wisely considered it might be attended with troublesome Consequences to their Republick, and likewise, they probably considered that the *Corficans* are now in the same Situation they themselves were in not two hundred Years ago, therefore they made proper Application to the Magistrates of *Amsterdam*, who declared the Arrest void, and discharged him with a great deal of Respect; whereupon he went out of Town; but 'tis thought he returned privately, and will continue there till he has furnished his People with Materials necessary for ridding them of their old Masters the *Genese*.

About the End of last Month his *Portuguese* Majesty declared in a full Assembly of his Ministers of State and Nobility, that the Difference he had with the King of *Spain* was adjusted, and their Reconciliation completed. It is said that the Sojourn of the *English* Fleet at *Lisbon* has cost his *Portuguese* Majesty a Million of Cruzadoes; but whether this Sum has been applied towards relieving this Nation from the Expence of maintaining that Fleet we do not know.

The Dispute about the Succession to the Dutchies of *Bergues* and *Juliers* seems not as yet to be in any Method of being amicably settled; and the Death of the Duke of *Courland*, who died on the 6th Instant, N.S. in the 82d Year of his Age, will probably occasion another Dispute about the Succession to that Dutchy; the Diet of *Poland* having in the Reign of the late *Augustus* resolved, that the Dutchy of *Courland* should, upon the Death of the Duke now deceased, be divided into Palatinates, and reunited to the Crown and Kingdom of *Poland*, of which it is a Fief; which Resolution will certainly be opposed by *Muscovy*, *Sweden*, and *Prussia*.



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